Order up!
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Thank you!

With the kitchen fryers roaring to life and the orders piling up, it looks like Order Up! is the most popular destination in town. The managers behind Order Up! owe our eternal gratitude to the hard working staff that main our establishments from the kitchen staff to the front of house, those nestled away in the back office or those out in town spreading the word about our incredible menu.

We might not be the most orthodox place to grab a bite out there, but we are certain the pieces you'll find without the pages of our zine will leave an ever lasting memory in your mind. Since the first day we opened up shop we knew it was thanks to our loyal customers and stellar staff that we stayed in business so long.

Take your time soaking up our menu, place an order, and find a cozy booth to lounge in as you partake of the creations in Order Up!

Meet the Managers

Graphics Mod
aijou
aijousketches

Org & Gen Mod
Emery
emerysnickett

Head & Social Mod
Nana
NanaTheBanana1

Org & Comms Mod
Notte
nottesilhouette

Writing Mod
Starrie Wolf
starriewolf

Formatting Mod
Silvermoon
silvamoon

Art Mod
Yana
huehue0_3

Maxenau
tmaxenau
QUIGGLOO
Quiggs
@quiggloo

IMPOSSIBLE :MCDONALDS

Minimum Wage

By: Meaninglessblah | Meaninglessblah

"You, uh, want fries with that?"

Tim nods hesitantly at the blood seeping through Red Hood's fingers.

The vigilante looks confused for the barest moment, before he follows Tim's gaze down, and seems to notice the wound for the first time. Like catching a bullet with your spleen is an afterthought. "Oh, that's just a scratch. I'll take a large fries though."

Tim thinks, not for the first time since he started this trial he calls a part-time job, that he doesn't get paid enough to deal with the nonsense Gotham drags through the automatic doors.

Red Hood's chin is tipped up again, surveying the menu above Tim's head. Truly indifferent to the pool beginning to drip to the tile. Tim thinks about what a pain the clean-up is going to be, and then refocuses.

"Large fries," he rattles off. Maybe if he plays along with this nightmare, he'll wake up sooner. "Regular or loaded?"

"What comes on the loaded fries?"

Tim clicks into the enticing icon on his screen and lists, "Cheese, bacon and gravy, for an extra two-fifty."

"Sure," Hood replies without missing a beat. Tim wonders, absurdly, whether the vigilante lifestyle pays. "Load me up."

Do they fund themselves? They don't collect a wage, and Tim doubts the city is bankrolling their salary, with how incompetent they're making the GCPD look of late. Do they have sponsors? Some investors?

However Red Hood is getting the dough for his uniform, and his toys, he's got to be making a better living than Tim is putting up with a vigilante bleeding all over his freshly mopped tile.

"Can I ask you a question?" Tim asks, and Hood glances down from where he's weighing up the benefits of a double or triple cheeseburger. Tim taps the triple into his system preemptively.

"Shoot," Hood answers, "and throw a triple cheese in there. Extra bacon."

Tim winces at his choice of phrase, but dutifully adds two rashers to his order. He wonders if vigilantes have to watch their diets, the same way professional athletes do. Do they hit the gym? Or does dangling crimelords off rooftops give them solid gains?

"Is this whole vigilante thing worth it?"

"Worth what?"

"I don't know, the perks? What's the going rate for a professional vigilante these days? Do they include dental?"

Red Hood snorts, and then winces, bowing around the hand pressed to his side. "Uh, no health benefits, unfortunately."

Tim shrugs. "No worse than this job, then. Coke or Sprite?"

"What?"

Tim gestures to the screen above his head. "Your combo meal comes with a drink. Do you want coke or sprite?"

"Do you guys serve Fanta?"

"Yup, raspberry or orange?"

"Orange."

"Done. So where do you guys get your suits from? Is there some sort of utility belt superstore? Do they offer discounts?"

Red Hood grins, crooked to match the bridge of his nose. He still looks unfairly handsome doing it. "Would you believe they're home-made?" Tim arches a dubious brow, and Hood backtracks reluctantly. "Ok, there's a bit of bankrolling involved. But most of it is homemade."

Tim surveys him, from the white tips of his fringe to his steel-capped toes. He could believe the jacket is home-bought, and maybe the pants. The shirt looks armoured though, and Tim's seen Batgirl take a magazine's worth of bullets straight to the chestplate. There's no way that thing isn't some sort of reinforced, bulletproof weave. Tim's seen Batman run at a tank before, so bulletproof may be an understatement.

He can see kneepads protruding through the loose trousers that tuck into Hood's high top boots. And the helmet tucked under his arm is state of the art, from what Tim's seen of it in action.

Hood notices his staring, and adds, "You just have to know A Guy."

"A Guy," Tim repeats, brows at his hairline, but nods nonetheless. "Sure."

"Why all the questions? Is Batburger's minimum wage not paying for your prom limo?"

Tim rolls his eyes at the jab to his height. He graduated a year ago, he just hasn't settled on what he wants to study at college yet. "Ha, ha. It pays. I wouldn't say it pays *well.* Especially not when I have to spend my shift scrubbing blood off the floor."

Hood glances down again and winces. "Uh, yeah. Sorry about that."

Tim shrugs. "Keeps me looking busy for my manager."

Hood nonetheless reaches over to tug a few paper thin napkins from the countertop dispensers, and press them almost sheepishly against his plate armour.

Tim eyes the wound and reaches for a large cup by muscle memory. "I'll get you extra ice for that."

"Thanks," Hood mumbles, scrubbing at the rust-blood that's dried to the Kevlar. The thin serviette shreds beneath his efforts.

Tim sets the brimming cup of ice on the counter, watching on dubiously as Hood's frustration rises.

"So, is Batman & Co hiring?"

Red Hood scoffs. "How should I know?"

"I thought you were affiliated?" Tim asks with a frown.

Red Hood splutters, and Tim can tell he's hit a nerve. "*Affiliated?*" he repeats, indignant.

Tim shrugs, pointing at the bright red bat emblazoned across Hood's chest. "You *are* wearing the Bat's symbol."

"It's *ironic,*" Hood bemoans. He looks a little despairing when Tim remains unmoved. "What, you think you could come up with a better costume design?"

Tim plucks at the eye-sore of a polo he's wearing, name badge flashing under the fluorescents. "And give up these cool duds? Not a chance."

Hood laughs, and threads his non-bloodstained hand back through his hair. "Okay, but if you were going to be a vigilante, what would you call yourself?"

"I don't know," Tim says, lips curling in a grin. "I could be Red Robin."

"Yum," Hood intones.

"Could be catchy," Tim points out.

"Could be copyright infringement."

"You're right," Tim scoffs, and fetches a napkin and straw to pass over the counter to Hood. "And Condiment King is so original."

"Can't argue with the guy's style," Hood rejoins, but he's grinning. "Maybe he worked at Batburger before you."

"A compelling origin story."

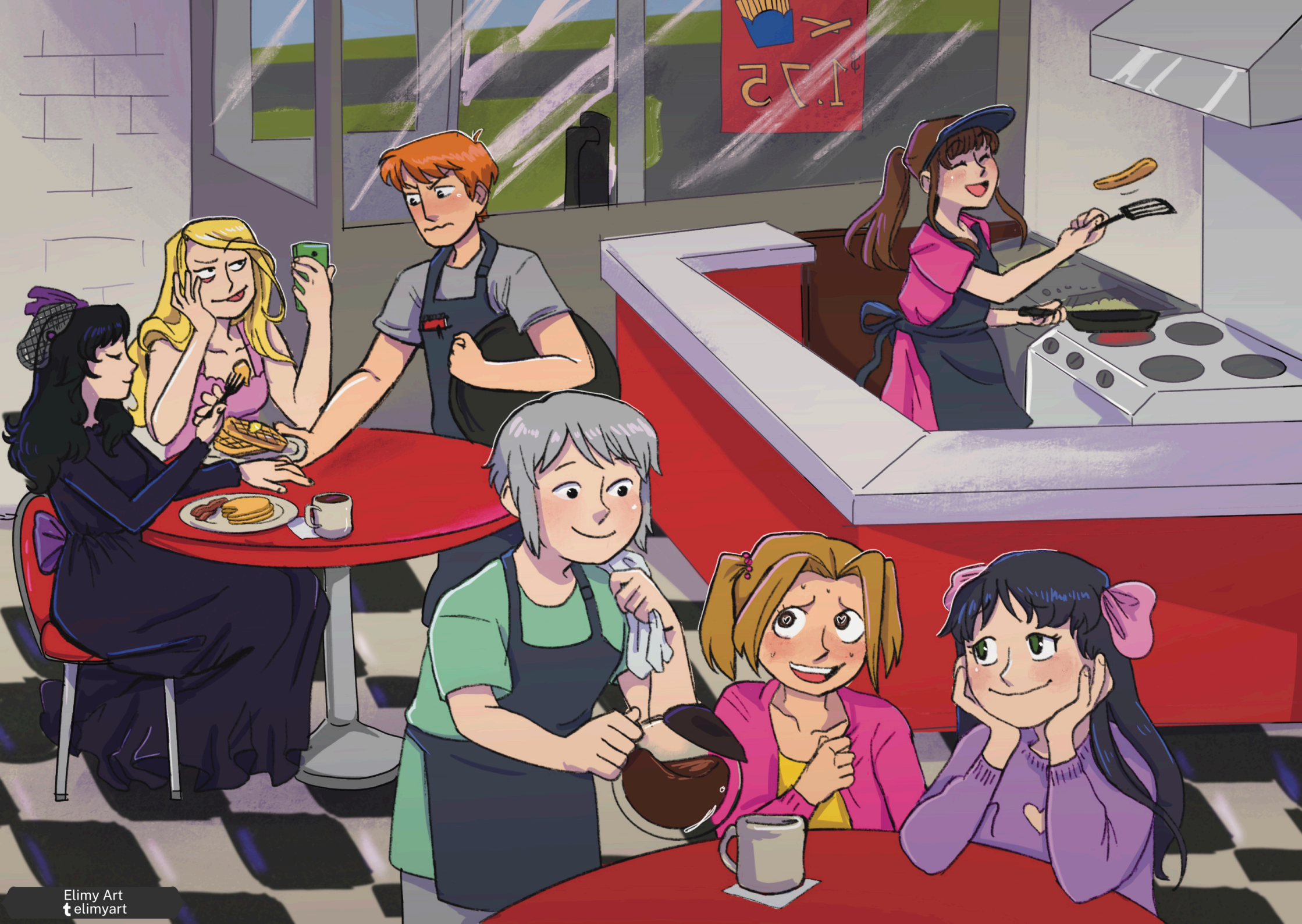
Across the restaurant, the automatic doors chime and slide open to allow three boisterous thugs to shoulder through. Their faces are hidden with mismatched balaclavas, and they rush across the freshly polished tile, brandishing guns at the few diners still out past midnight.

With a sigh and the long-suffering apathy of someone experiencing their third Gotham robbery this week, Tim reaches for the duress button beneath the counter.

Hood lifts a bloodstained hand to wave him off, his other reaching for a holster. “I got this. You focus on my order, and I’ll handle these three first-timers.”

Tim snorts when he cocks the weapon. “I’ll put it on your tab,” he offers, but he’s not sure Hood hears him over the shouts of surprise from the thugs when the vigilante launches into the fray.

Tim adds a complimentary apple pie for his trouble.


Elimy Art
telimyart

Kitchen Pandemonium!

By: Aya | xuenarumi

After getting the results for their SATs, seeing that they had passed, Fischl, Bennett, and Razor decided to get part-time jobs at the nearby fast-food chain as they had nothing else to do in the summer while waiting for autumn to come. All three of them wrote their resumes together and even submitted at the same time. All they had to do was wait for the store manager to interview them.

"It is evident that I, die Prinzessin der Immernachtreich, will be accepted by their reputable establishment for my noble gait," Fischl started flaunting in front of Bennett, Mona, and Razor, "and there is no way they would reject my royal presence when I humble myself to mere mortals."

"Aaaaand there she goes again..." Mona sighed. In their circle of friends, only Mona was finished with school, and right now, she was working all sorts of jobs to pay for her student loans while waiting for a stable job. She was helping the other three spend their summer meaningfully.

"Eh... if that's the case, I better look for another store to work part-time at," Bennett wryly smiled, "there's no way they'd accept me if Fischl is there..." Bennett wanted to work part-time because he was helping out with buying meds for his dads.

"Now, now..." Razor patted Bennett's back, "don't...worry, we'll...find a way... must...make money..." Razor, meanwhile, wanted to raise enough money to supply food for the wolves that raised him.

"You guys are just talking nonsense," Mona spoke smugly, revealing her scrying glass for divination purposes, "the fast-food industry has a very high turnover, which means that they may have a lot of employees, but in turn, they also lose as many employees as possible. It's summer right now, which implies that it's gonna be the peak season of fast-food. They're hiring as many as they can right now, and I see through my scrying glass that you three are fated to be accepted."

"Wait, wait, *for real*?!" Fischl broke out of her character and returned to her regular Amy self, shaking Mona excitedly. She realized that she broke character, however, and cleared her throat before speaking again. "Ahem, I mean, is that so? I guess I could use some retainers while on duty."

Sure enough, all three of them were accepted after the interview and went to work immediately without any problems. If there was one problem, though, it was the fact that they had visions that resonated with the seven elements. Fischl and Razor were both holding Electro visions, while Bennett held a Pyro vision. Seeing that these visions of theirs could be a hindrance to their work, they decided to hide these away.

The three of them got used to the cashier and cleaning up tables, although Fischl had to revert to her Amy self because a customer complained that she sounded too haughty while taking orders. Amy had no self-confidence whatsoever, so it became a bit difficult for her, hence she was moved to kitchen duty afterward. Bennett kept dropping the plates and utensils on the floor by accidentally slipping, bumping into fellow coworkers, and many more crazy coincidences. The manager, looking at him pitifully, sent him off to the kitchen as well. Lastly, Razor could not handle being at the cashier as well because of his speech problem and aversion to crowds. It was impossible for him to man the counter, so the manager, having dealt with the previous two in a similar fashion, decided to place him there with them.

"It's only been a week, kids..." the manager spoke, dismayed. "Amy performed great, but your performance dropped after the complaint."

"I-I'm sorry, sir, I just can't deal with real people when I'm not acting..." Fischl/Amy lowered her head.

"Bennett, I admire your diligence and perseverance in work, but if this goes on, we might not have enough plates and utensils, and thank God those plates are melamine!" The manager proceeded to look at Bennett with worried eyes.

"I'm so sorry, sir, I'm just too clumsy at times..." Bennett scratched his head with a wry smile, while Fischl looked at him with blank eyes that wanted to say, '*At times, eh?*'

"Lastly, Razor..." the manager sighed exasperatedly, "I let you man the counter because you couldn't do the cleaning, but I never thought you actually *can't* do anything. I mean, how do you get a part-time job when you actually can't do anything?"

"..." Razor whimpered, also lowering his head in dejection.

"I—I am so sorry, sir, Razor is a feral child, and he needs guidance to integrate into human society! I will speak on his behalf when he doesn't get it." Fischl stood up for Razor.

"But his report card says he got A's." The manager refuted.

"But sir, you don't need to talk to get A's..." Bennett countered.

"Well, anyway, this is, like, your last chance, so please, *please*, work properly this time. As much as I wanted to help you, if there's no improvement and you can't work, I'm sorry, but I'll have to fire you guys." The manager gave them a gentle final warning before he left. "Because at the end of the day, this is a fast-food store, and we have to do things here fast."

After being guided on how to use the fryer and all, Fischl got to master the cooking skillfully. Bennett did not do as well as Fischl, but the slightly burnt sides of the food worked well with some customers so he was also alright.

While Razor was on-duty with the fryer, however, at the time when Fischl got more used to being the cashier in her original self and Bennett did the food packaging, the fryer caught on fire for some weird reason. Bennett noticed it, so he immediately went over to Razor. This was also the day when their manager went away on business.

"Oh man, this is a *huge* problem," Bennett was showing signs of panicking while Razor remained calm on the surface, "how do we get this fire to stop?"

"I...don't know..." Razor shrugged dejectedly.

Fischl noticed a burning smell and decided to go to the kitchen. There she saw Bennett doing a panic dance while Razor looked at the fire with a deadpan expression.

"How'd you guys end up with a fire here?!" Fischl could not hide her anxiety and shouted at them. "Hold on, let me try summoning Oz!"

"You called, Milady?" Oz, Fischl's raven who was a product of her vision, appeared out of thin air.

"Put this fire out at once!" Fischl pointed at the burning fryer.

"Yes, Milady!" Oz went to work, but as he released his power, the fire grew even stronger. His power was attributed to Fischl's Electro vision, and as such, he could not repel the fire. Fischl finally realized this, and she fell into full panic along with Bennett.

"How are we gonna solve this?! Manager's gonna be back anytime soon!" Fischl reverted to her Amy self once again and covered her face in fear and anxiety.

"This is not good, this is not good!" Bennett ran in circles in the kitchen.

"..." Razor seemed like he had something to say, but did not say anything and just up and left.

"Where is he going?!" Fischl looked at Razor.

"Must... get... bucket..." Razor spoke as he headed towards the utility room.

"A-ha! I remember now! Benny, go get the fire extinguisher beside the stove!" Fischl awakened to her senses and took command of the situation. "Hurry, before the smoke reaches the smoke detector!"

"Okay!" Bennett rushed to get the fire extinguisher.

"Razor! Man the counter!" Fischl then commanded Razor to be the cashier.

"Mm..." Razor strode towards the counter immediately.

"I'll be doing the serving, then!" Fischl glanced at Bennett, and the latter nodded at her.

After leading the duo, Fischl successfully managed to solve the crisis in the kitchen without triggering the fire alarms and the influx of customers who complained about the speed of their food's arrival. Just then, the store manager arrived. Looking at the store's general mood, he assumed that nothing out of place had happened while he left. But when he went into the kitchen, he saw that the fryer was covered in a layer of white substance. He summoned the trio when the wave of customers died down.

"What happened here?" The manager held his head, dismayed yet again. "You guys had simple jobs..."

“Well, manager,” Fischl spoke up first, “Razor accidentally set the fryer on fire, which Bennett extinguished on time. While Bennett was putting the fire out, Razor and I handled the customers outside.”

“Fischl! I mean, Amy! We couldn’t have done this without you!” Bennett spoke up for Fischl too. “She instructed us on what to do and handled the situation properly even though she was panicking, too!”

“I... agree...” Razor nodded in agreement.

“You guys...” Fischl looked at the duo, tearing up, but she cleared her throat in embarrassment. “Ahem! I was just doing what I had to do.”

“I’m glad you kids finally learned how to work here properly,” the manager grinned at them, which made the trio smile, then his face suddenly became grim, “but, the fryer is damaged and must be fixed, so we’re taking that out of Razor’s salary.”

“Noooooo...” It was Razor’s turn to be dismayed. Fischl and Bennet both patted his back in condolence.

-End-

Tears Of Mania
TearsOfMania
parashy
parashysocials

Laputa Egg on Toast

Created by: Mars | KaseiCosplay

Serves: 1 Person | Time: 20 minutes

Ingredients

- 2 cups of water (235mL)
- ½ cup of shredded cheese (64g)
- 2 Tbsp butter
- 3 slices of ham (or your preferred sliced meat)
- Two slices of white bread (the thicker, the better)
- 1 egg

Instructions

1. Generously apply butter to both sides of both bread slices.
2. Arrange your sliced meat atop one piece of bread, making sure the center of the bread is fully covered.
3. Sprinkle half of the cheese atop the meat.
4. Cut out a circle on the second slice of bread, big enough to fit your egg, and stack the second slice on top of the meat and cheese.
5. Bring water to a boil in a pot over medium heat, and crack the egg into the water. Let it boil for approximately 3 minutes (if you do not like runny yolks, boil for an additional 3-5 minutes).
6. Scoop out your egg, careful not to break it, and drain any water that you may have scooped up with it. Place your egg into the hole in the top bread.
7. Put the remaining cheese around the egg.
8. Bake in either a toaster oven or a regular oven at 350°F (175°C) for 10-12 minutes, until the cheese starts to turn golden-brown.

BURGER
NG
KING
fufo
fufo_4

Burger King King

By: Mob | mob_bu

It was another day in the Underworld, and another day brought with it another load of work. Fei Luo had been swamped with paperwork lately, none of which he actually wanted to do. Who would have thought that being a ruler would bring with it so much responsibility? Sure, he would do a little, but he would inevitably become bored.

Naturally, Fei Luo had become fed up and demanded a break. His servants wanted to cry, knowing that the stacks of work would be turned over to them instead, as they watched Fei Luo head for the exit.

Cruising around the Underworld, Fei Luo slowly started to feel better. He finally had the chance to be lazy and do whatever he wanted again, free from the clutches of paperwork. As he walked around, he found himself admiring the scenery of the Underworld and observing the many poor souls he passed.

Suddenly, one soul, or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say one *thing* in particular caught Fei Luo's eye.

Among the masses was a soul who had a unique fashionable item on his head. It appeared to be a gold-colored crown of some sort. Such an item like that was suited for the mortal world, where sunlight could shine down and make the crown glow.

Fei Luo thought that this particular soul, indeed, had to have been some kind of a ruler in his life, and he quickly became curious.

"Hey, you!" Fei Luo called out to the soul, who was wandering around with a blank look on its face. "Where did you get such a marvelous item?"

The soul stared at Fei Luo. Confused, it asked, "Huh? What item?"

"That awesome crown you're wearing," Fei Luo pointed to the soul's head. What other thing would possibly be worth mentioning?

Still looking confused, the soul slowly touched its head and felt for the crown. "Oh, this? Huh...I have no idea."

Naturally, the soul could not remember; having already crossed Wang Chuan, it had already lost the memories of its life. Growing impatient, Fei Luo nudged the closest ghost guard and gestured toward the soul, "What's up with this guy? Go investigate his crown."

The ghost guard approached the soul and inspected it. The soul paid it no mind—its focus had shifted back to making its way toward reincarnation.

Seeming to reach a conclusion, the ghost guard returned to Fei Luo and reported, “My lord, the crown seems to have a seal on it stating that it belongs to ‘Burger King.’”

“Burger King, huh?” Fei Luo put a hand on his chin in contemplation. He had never heard of such a strange name before—it must be some kind of western name or a name of a foreign nation or something. “So then this soul must be this so-called ‘Burger King.’ Go look up a Burger King in the life registry. I want to know what kind of nation can produce such a crown and how I can acquire one myself.”

And so the ghost guard went off on its mission. Meanwhile, Fei Luo was simply left to ponder this ‘Burger King.’ Unfortunately, he could not merely take the crown from this soul, as the crown was now a part of the soul since it died wearing it. That being said, Fei Luo was determined to get his hands on one of his own.

Soon enough, the ghost guard returned. “Sir, we couldn’t find any trace of a Burger King in the life registry.”

“What?!” Fei Luo was shocked. What kind of king would give his crown away to someone else? Was this some kind of a hoax?

“Some of the others mentioned seeing a Burger King in the Mortal Realm. It is a restaurant, sir.”

Fei Luo was stupefied. So the Burger King was not truly a king, but a restaurant?

“How did that soul get that crown, then?” Fei Luo asked skeptically, folding his arms in front of his chest. Perhaps he should check the book himself—some people were just too incompetent to get their facts straight.

The ghost guard knew his work was being questioned and began to sweat. Fearing for his job, he said, “Perhaps they just give them out to customers for free! Souvenirs in businesses are really popular these days.”

“Really?” Fei Luo blinked in surprise, though it was not all that surprising that he knew nothing of this sort of thing. He rarely ventured to the Mortal Realm these days, usually keeping busy in the Underworld and sometimes visiting friends in the Ninth Heaven Realm; he couldn’t be bothered to do anything with humans.

That being said, if a restaurant in the Mortal Realm really was giving out such luxury items for free, perhaps he would have to pay it a visit.

“To think they would give it out for free!” Fei Luo scoffed. “Fools. If it were me, I wouldn’t let even a single soul lay a finger on it.”

Fei Luo gathered himself and started to set off. He waved his hand, calling back, “Alert the others that I’ll be paying a visit to the Mortal Realm. When I return, it will be with one of those crowns.”

The ghost guard could only watch, surprised, as Fei Luo left. Was the King of Hell really going to go to the Mortal Realm just for a paper crown?

Yes. Yes, he was.

The bright, obnoxious colors of Burger King strained Fei Luo’s eyes, but he figured he would just have to deal with it. He was just here for the crown anyway—this was supposed to be an in-and-out trip.

“May I take your order?” An extremely average-looking mortal asked Fei Luo.

“Order? Yes, I order you to give me one of your crowns.”

The poor employee was dumbstruck before they slid over one of the paper menus. “No, sir, I was asking what food you wanted to order.”

Fei Luo already felt exasperated. Sure, this was a restaurant, but he had no interest in this food. “What the hell is a ‘burger’ anyway? I’m just here for a crown!”

“It’s what they’re eating,” The employee gestured to some customers that were eating inside the establishment, seemingly enjoying their food. They were a little surprised that this seemingly young man would not know what a burger was and yet walked into a Burger King. “We only give out the crowns to customers. The menu has pictures on it if you want to go off that.”

Fei Luo observed the ‘burgers’ the customers were eating. Looked to him like a greasy mash of bread and meat—which frankly looked delicious to him, but Fei Luo had no plans on giving money to random mortals.

“That’s just a sandwich! And it doesn’t even look like the pictures on the menu! You people are false advertising. To think this place actually thinks itself to be a king! None of your subjects will respect you if you deceive them with such lies!”

“Sir, it’s not a sandwich. I don’t know what to tell you—if you’re not going to buy anything, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. You are making a scene.”

Fei Luo could not believe his ears. That invention most certainly was a sandwich—he would know, seeing as Dong Jun had taught him what one was and Fei Luo had personally created one himself. FROM SCRATCH.

Hearing the commotion, more Burger King workers started paying attention to him and coming toward him.

He was not about to back down from a gang of mortals. What authority did they have to try to make him leave? All he wanted was one of the crowns that they chose to hand out to people. Pissed off, he cried out, “I’m not leaving without the crown!”

He had been kicked out.

The staff in the restaurant was notified of Fei Luo's disruption, and all ganged up to remove him from the establishment. He could get in serious trouble for actually bringing harm to mortals, so he had hoped that just intimidating them would work. Who would have expected Burger King to have huge, persistent, intimidating mortals? In the end, Fei Luo had to beat a retreat with his tail between his legs.

Standing at the edge of the property, Fei Luo turned and raised a shaking fist in the direction of Burger King, glaring intensely. Not only had he been thoroughly embarrassed, but he was also still CROWNLESS. Burger King had not only taken from him his dignity but his natural right to that awesome crown.

He had to get revenge. But how?

After some thinking, it suddenly hit Fei Luo. What did Burger King seem to hate so much? People not buying their 'burgers.' All Fei Luo had to do was take away their customers by selling burgers of his own right outside Burger King itself. Not only that, but unlike Burger King, Fei Luo's burgers would be COMPLETELY FREE!

It was a foolproof plan. Burger King would soon regret humiliating Fei Luo and finally give him the crown he wanted.

And so Fei Luo got to work. First things first, he needed something to make his burgers on. It had to be somewhat portable since it was to be right in front of Burger King. A simple table probably would have been fine, but he instead ended up stealing some random stand from this random town, figuring that it would be a good base for his mini business. As for the food, the meat of a 'burger' had to be cooked, and all that was in the trash behind Burger King was smelly raw meat. Fei Luo looked in the direction of the building's entrance, wondering if he should just slink into the kitchen to steal directly from inside the enemy base.

That was when he saw somebody leaving Burger King with boxes upon boxes of what Fei Luo could only assume were these burgers. An idea hit him then: he would simply just take and use these burgers. Who needed that many burgers anyway?

He quickly ran up and snatched the boxes from the unsuspecting person, "I need these for something."

That person was flabbergasted that his burgers had just been snatched from him, "Huh? Hey, give those back! Those are for the homeless!"

"Homeless?! Surely they can wait a little longer—if you want them back so badly you can just get in line for one later," Fei Luo scoffed. He was on a mission and would not be stopped by some random human after all this time. "Go on now, scram!"

That was how Fei Luo found himself sitting at a little makeshift food stand with a pile of burgers and a relatively long line of interested customers. The stand he had stolen was pretty worn down and looked as if it would topple over if Fei Luo accidentally kicked it. To be even more spiteful, he had lovingly named his stand 'Burger King King,' a fitting name, seeing as the owner of the ripoff Burger King was a real king.

Atop his head even sat a poor excuse of a paper crown that Fei Luo had impatiently constructed himself. A temporary replacement for what would soon be his.

He had decorated his little shop with a large sign that read 'FREE BURGERS' in bold strokes. This had been what caught the attention of many mortals. After all, who didn't love free food?

"Do you have some kind of menu or something I can look at?" The old man at the front of the line asked Fei Luo.

"Menu? It's just a burger—do you want one or not?"

Despite having a bit of an attitude towards the mortals, Fei Luo's burgers were being picked off one by one. The staff at Burger King itself noticed the sudden lack of customers and looked out the window only to find that they had all been stolen by Fei Luo. Obviously, they were pissed and wanted to storm out there and kick that stupid stand to the ground. Still, they decided against it, thinking it would look bad for the business if they lost their temper. They instead hoped that Fei Luo would grow bored and leave or simply run out of burgers.

That was what they thought, but Fei Luo was determined to get his hands on one of those crowns. He was not too worried—if he ran out of burgers, he could just go steal some more.

"What a fascinating display."

Fei Luo jumped a good few feet away, hairs standing on end.

"Dong Jun????? What are you doing here??" Just as he was about to give a burger to another customer, Dong Jun seemed to just appear out of nowhere. It had given Fei Luo such a shock that he nearly dropped the burger.

Dong Jun laughed the way he usually did when he tormented others, standing there fanning himself with his folding fan and looking incredibly amused.

"I went down to pay a visit to the Underworld only to find out that the king was on a mission to bother Burger King in the Mortal Realm. Now it looks like you're trying to sabotage a business," Dong Jun explained, looking over the long line of humans waiting to be handed burgers.

"That's right," Fei Luo huffed, carelessly handing over a burger to a human. "You wouldn't believe what I've had to endure here today. Let me tell you: this Burger 'KING' has NO right to be called a king at all! They don't even understand that what they are selling is just a sandwich; what does calling it a burger do? Worst of all, they are hogging the most magnificent item I have ever seen. I'm not leaving until I get my hands on one of those crowns!"

“Is that why you have that thing on your head?” Dong Jun asked, pointing with his fan to the sad paper crown.

“Yes! This one is only temporary until I get the real thing. Are you going to help me?”

Dong Jun laughed, happily accepting the ridiculousness of the entire situation, “Sure, sure, I’ll help you.”

‘Help’ turned out to be Dong Jun just standing in the background while Fei Luo continued to give out his burgers. Every time Fei Luo asked to switch with him, he would say that he was ‘too tired’ or that he ‘didn’t want to get his hands dirty.’

In the end, Fei Luo, feeling a little cheated, could only put up with it and continue to work solo. Dong Jun would stand beside him, lazily waving his fan and chattering about whatever. His company was not totally useless, as someone who was as pretty as Dong Jun brought in even more interested customers.

“ALRIGHT, THAT’S IT!”

Fei Luo and Dong Jun turned their heads to see a very angry individual marching toward them. It was Burger King’s manager! He stopped in front of them and pointed a shaking finger at Fei Luo.

“I’ve let this go on long enough! Leave right now—you are stealing our customers!”

“I told you already, I’m not leaving until I get one of those crowns!” Fei Luo shouted back.

The manager looked as if smoke would come out of his ears any second. “We only give those stupid things to people who are willing to pay for our food! If you don’t leave now, I will be alerting the authorities.”

“That really won’t be necessary.”

It was only then that the fuming manager looked at Dong Jun, who had decided just now to speak up. He had been so focused on Fei Luo that he had not even noticed Dong Jun until that moment. Dong Jun’s good looks and peach-blossom eyes instantly charmed him. The manager had never laid his eyes on someone that beautiful before.”

“Now, would it really be such a big deal if you gave him one of those crowns for free?” Dong Jun calmly asked, elegantly waving his fan.

“Oh..well, uh,” the manager scratched the back of his head awkwardly, “I guess this once I might be able to make an exception... But as long as he promises to leave and never come back!”

“Yeah, sure, whatever,” Fei Luo waved it off.

The manager grew angry again but decided not to bother with him. He turned to walk back into Burger King, only to return a few minutes later with a glimmering gold paper crown.

“Here!” He shoved it at Fei Luo, “Take it and leave!”

Fei Luo stared awestruck at his new possession. It seemed unreal that the crown was finally in his hands. It looked just as magnificent as he remembered it to be in the Underworld, shining gold in the sunlight and bearing the circular logo of ‘Burger King’ in the middle.

Fearful that the manager would change his mind and snatch it back or that Dong Jun would pull some kind of a trick, Fei Luo hastily beat a retreat.

Back in the Underworld, Fei Luo was proudly parading around in his new golden Burger King crown. The ghost guards were honestly surprised that it had taken so long for him to get one but decided against questioning it.

The King of Hell loved this crown a little too much. A few days after he returned, he ordered for the crown to be added to the statue of him in the Underworld.

The construction did not necessarily take a long time, but it was tedious. Frankly, the ghost guards thought it was a little ridiculous to add a Burger King crown to a statue of their weasel ruler.

There was nothing they could do, though. Fei Luo was attached to his Burger King crown, and it would forever be a part of the Underworld.

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jordyn.jpeg

Into the Rush

By: FillyBoy | FillyBoy19

"You got the order wrong, you idiot." Touya leans across the counter, inches from Tamaki's face. His lips are twisted up into a cruel smirk at the way the boy's hands shake.

"I'm sorry." Tamaki reaches out to take the receipt only to have the older teen snatch it away before he can grab it. *Stupid part-time job…* He tries to do what he's been shown, to smile and keep himself calm, but his heart is racing. "If you–if you let me see the receipt I can try to fix it."

"It shouldn't have been wrong in the first place. I actually have things to do today instead of waiting around on you." Touya leans over and slams his hand down on the counter hard enough to rattle the glass case before crumpling up the receipt and throwing it at the visibly trembling boy. "Fix it!"

Tamaki kneels down to retrieve the receipt. He's sure that he hadn't gotten the order wrong, but at this point he's ready to give Touya anything he wants just to leave. His bully's group of friends all snicker at the scene that's being made for their amusement and all Tamaki can do is smooth out the receipt as best he can before trying to key the refund into the register.

The man continues to huff and pace, and while Tamaki knows that it's more for show than anything, that knowledge does little to ease his mind or his trembling hands. Once he has the 'correct' amount of change he holds it out for Touya. *Why do I have to deal with him here* ***and*** *at school?*

The hand holding the receipt is shaky and it takes him a moment to fix the issue in the register and give the man back what he thinks he's owed. It isn't enough, though. Tamaki knows that it never is, so he smiles as best he can. "Can I offer you a free donut for the in–inconvenience?"

Touya's smile is practically predatory as he glances back at the group that had come in with him. "That wouldn't be fair to my friends now, would it? I mean you've kept them waiting here too."

Tamaki knows that he shouldn't, that he could lose his job, but right now he doesn't care. He just wants them out of here, so he nods his head and starts putting donuts into a bag. "Of course. I can get them all one too."

He's barely gotten the bag top folded closed when Touya snatches it out of his hands. "See you Monday, Tamaki."

It feels more like a threat than a farewell, and Tamaki suddenly finds himself hating the idea of school on Monday. Still, watching the group leave, he can't contain the sigh of relief that bubbles up in his throat as they disappear around the corner.

He knows he should be grateful for this job—that his uncle Taishiro didn't have to even let him have it, but right now he just wants to go home. He wants to lay in his comfortable bed with his warm quilt pulled up over his head and a pile of soft pillows piled around him.

I can do it as soon as my shift ends. He repeats the words over and over in his head while he sweeps and mops the floor. He knows that he'd asked for this job. Begged and pleaded to convince his parents that he could handle it. Uncle Taishiro had always told him how nice the customers were and how easy the job was... *Of course, they were nice for Taishiro. At seven feet, he towered over everyone. No one would dare yell at him. He's probably never had a bully in his life.*

All he has to do is make it to the end of his shift and then he has tomorrow all to himself—and it's two whole days away from Touya and his band of misfits. He doesn't realize that he's just been standing there leaning on his mop and daydreaming until the bell above the door chimes. He hurries behind the counter and takes a deep, centering breath before forcing a small smile for the new customer.

The woman who comes in doesn't bother to return it, or even to look at him as she begins to rattle off her order. It's long and complicated and even as he's typing it in he can feel himself messing it up. She stops him several times to change her mind about what she wants and yells at him when he gets something wrong.

He's hallway through the order when his hands begin trembling and he can no longer hide the tears welling up in his eyes. He's stumbling over his words, endlessly repeating, I'm sorry, while she continues to berate him when the bell above the door dings again. *Please, please, please* no more people. Tamaki can't help the audible sigh of relief when he realizes it's only Eijirou coming in for his shift.

It's obvious from the moment he walks in that Tamaki is drowning. He doesn't even bother to put his vest on. Just drops his skateboard on the bench by the door and chucks his visor and nametag on as he approaches the counter. He washes his hands and grabs the sanitizer before physically stepping between Tamaki and the angry woman.

Most people might think that what he'd done was rude, but he's worked with Tamaki long enough to read the grateful look in those dark indigo eyes as the boy retreats to the storeroom. He pins the woman under a large toothy grin and begins to correct her order. He can't say that by the time he's done dealing with her that she's happy or that she was even a palatable customer; but she had at least stopped yelling.

Before another customer can come in, he rushes off to the back to see if he can smooth things over with Tamaki. He finds the older boy hiding in the broom closet with his knees drawn up and his head tucked into his arms. His shoulders are still jerking slightly with the effort of his sobs.

"You're so much better at this than me." Tamaki's voice is muffled by the fabric of his sleeves, but he still doesn't look up at Eijirou when he speaks.

"Nah, I've just been doing this longer." Eijirou nudges Tamaki's shoulder, hoping to get him to look up. "What happened? You've been doing so good lately."

He isn't surprised when that mop of dark hair doesn't move or when Tamaki doesn't answer him. Instead, he wraps an arm around the taller boy's shoulder and waits. He knows that eventually, if they sit long enough, Tamaki will calm down and tell him what happened.

"First Touya and then... and then her..." Tamaki sniffles and then finally lifts his head to look at Eijirou. He rehashes how Touya had teased him and made fun of him and then how the woman had berated him. He drags his sleeve across his tear-stained cheek before letting his head fall back against the cement. It takes him a few minutes more before he continues. "I'm not cut out for this. I wish my parents would just let me quit."

"Oh, come on." Eijirou gives the boy his best, most award-winning smile he can muster. "You know it's not usually that bad."

"I don't care. I don't want to do this anymore." When Tamaki looks at Eijirou, the redhead can see the defeat in those dark, indigo eyes.

"Yeah, you do. You're more manly than you know, Tamaki." Eijirou pulls the boy to his feet and claps him on the back. "Let me prove it to you. We'll finish out the shift. *Together*."

He keeps a hand firmly on Tamaki's elbow as they walk back out into the lobby. Once he's got Tamaki behind the counter with a broom in his hands, the boy's nerves seem to settle. Eijirou makes sure to take the register for the next few customers and even after he convinces Tamaki to take over for him, he doesn't wander far.

Tamaki looks back at Eijirou often, but soon enough he manages to build his confidence back up. He feels embarrassed and stupid for how he'd fallen apart. He's grateful to the redhead for helping calm him down and stopping him from making a rash decision and while they deal with the rest of the night's customers, he can't help but wonder if there's some way he can pay Eijirou back.

By the end of the night, it's like the earlier stress from the day is completely forgotten as the two boys joke around and shut down the store. Tamaki still stiffens every time the bell rings, but he manages a real smile most of the time. He wonders what it would be like to hang out with Eijirou outside of work, but he's never worked up the courage to ask. *Just because you're friends at work, doesn't mean that you're friends outside of work.*

There's only a few minutes left in their shift when the bell chimes once more. Tamaki can feel the knot in the pit of his stomach tightening once again. The ***closed*** sign should have been up. There shouldn't be anyone else coming in and yet Tamaki finds himself staring at a young teen with a mop of unruly green hair and a taller blond from his class. *Mirio*.

"Easy, Tamaki. They're just a few friends of mine." Eijirou claps him on the shoulder as he walks past. "This is Izuku and Mirio. We're heading to the movies tonight after we lock up."

"Hey, Tamaki!" Mirio waves and then takes a seat in the booth next to Izuku.

"You two know each other?" Eijirou glances at the duo near the entrance and then at Tamaki who simply hunches his shoulders and goes back to cleaning with his back turned to them.

"Tamaki and I are in the same class." Mirio smiles at Eijirou and then takes his seat in the booth next to Izuku. "Hey, why don't you come with us? It'll be fun."

"No, that's okay. Thank you though." Tamaki heads into the kitchen to finish cleaning and let Eijirou have some time with his friends.

It's the least he can do after the way his friend had helped him today and after the day he's had, he isn't sure how much more social interaction he can take. He sneaks glances out into the lobby, watching the trio laugh and joke. Mirio has never teased him, not like some of the other kids in his class, and certainly not like Touya and his friends, but still Tamaki wants to keep his distance. As Eijirou makes his way to the kitchen, Tamaki makes it a point to keep his head down and focus on his work.

"You okay, dude?" Eijirou smiles at him and grabs the dirty rag from the sink.

"Hmm?" Tamaki shrugs before turning to put his soiled rags in the hamper. "Yeah."

"You should come with us." Eijirou tosses his rag on top of Tamaki's before turning towards the lobby. "Who knows, you might even have some fun. Maybe, make a new friend..."

When Tamaki looks up he can see the hope in Eijirou's eyes. It makes something in his chest swell to know that his friend really wants him to come and yet... "I'm good. Really. If you want, I can finish locking up here."

Eijirou's face falls, and so does that warm feeling that had been building in Tamaki's veins. The kid doesn't hound him though. Just nods a brief, okay, before turning back towards the lobby. He can't help but feel bad for letting his friend down. He thinks about how he'd been looking for a way to pay Eijirou back. *Maybe this is it*.

Eijirou had helped him find his confidence today. He'd reminded him that he could do this job if he put his mind to it. His feet start to move before he can stop them. It feels like the same impulsive feeling that had given him enough courage to ask Uncle Taishiro for this job. He lets it take him out into the lobby. Mirio and Izuku are already outside, but Eijirou is still standing near the entrance.

"Hey Eiji!" His own loud voice startles him, but he continues to the door where Eijirou is grabbing his skateboard. "Can I come with you? To the movies, that is?"

Eijirou's grin is instantaneous, sharp teeth on full display as he nods and claps Tamaki on the back. "Of course, man."

Tamaki isn't sure whether or not he'll regret this later, but something in his gut tells him that everything will be okay.

Megumi's Non-Curse-Inducing Job

By: Leekachu | leekachuarmy

Megumi was disinterested as he started his new part-time job at the MOS Burger in downtown Tokyo. His job position was to assist the customers and take orders and payments. He was looking forward to earning some extra cash and gaining some non-curse-inducing work experience.

Megumi's first day on the job was nerve-wracking. He was assigned to the grill station, where he would be responsible for cooking the burgers to order. The head chef walked him through the process, explaining how to season the beef, how long to cook it, and how to add the right amount of toppings. He was unamused by the attention to detail and the care that went into every order. As the lunch rush hit, Megumi found himself working at a frenetic pace, taking orders and cooking burgers as fast as he could. The din of the grill and the smell of sizzling meat filled the air. He could feel the pressure building, but he stayed focused and kept working.

The next day he was put in charge of taking orders and dealing with customers, something he disliked. His introverted personality and cold glare were not super welcoming to the customers. He was glad though that he could get away from school, except his freedom was short-lived when his friends, well, classmates, Itadori and Nobara, found out about his new job. They decided to visit his workplace just to make fun of him. They would tease him about working at a fast-food restaurant and mock him for not having a "real" job.

Megumi tried to brush off their teasing and told himself that it was just their way of showing that they sort of cared about him. But deep down, he knew that it was hurting him.

One day, their teacher Gojo found out about the teasing that Megumi was facing. He decided to come with Itadori and Nobara to the MOS Burger to increase the teasing. Megumi was mortified. This was his worst nightmare, he had purposely tried to keep this a secret since Gojo was the most annoying of the three. But on one visit, Gojo and the others sensed something strange. They could sense a Curse that was affecting the business at MOS Burger. They realized that there were many grade 3 Curses. Gojo explained to Megumi that the Curses were preventing customers from coming to the restaurant and was causing a decline in sales. He told them that they needed to erase the Curses to increase the business at MOS Burger.

Megumi, Itadori, and Nobara got to work, they summoned their own Curses and weld their cursed tools to eradicate the Curses that were affecting the restaurant. After the Curses were gone they saw that the customers started to come in droves and the sales started to increase.

Megumi was thrilled, sort of. He missed the slow work pace and wished that his friends and teacher didn't help him to turn things around. Megumi from then on only worked a few months later until he was fired for his unappealing work ethic and remained just focused on eradicating Curses.

INGREDIENTS

For the Sauce:

3 tablespoons (45ml) mayonnaise

1 tablespoon (15ml) ketchup

2 teaspoons (10g) sweet pickle relish

1/2 teaspoon sugar

1/2 teaspoon distilled white vinegar

For the Burgers:

8 ounces (225g) ground beef, turkey, or other ground meat-like peoduct

2 teaspoons (10ml) vegetable oil, divided

1 large onion, finely chopped (about 1 1/2 cups)

Kosher salt

2 soft Hamburger buns

Freshly ground black pepper

8 dill pickles chips

2 quarter-inch-thick slices ripe tomato

2 leaves fresh iceberg lettuce, white core section removed, torn to bun-sized pieces

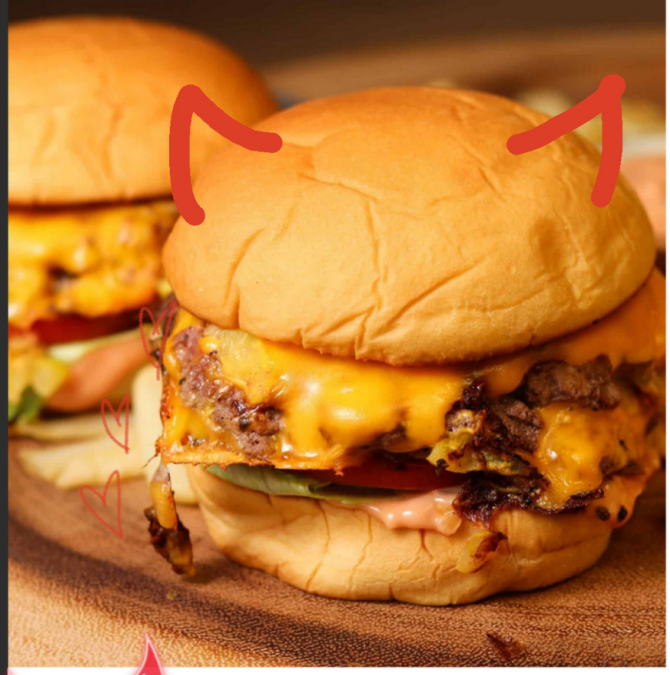
1/4 cup (60ml) yellow mustard

4 slices deli-cut American or Chedder Cheese

THE BEST

FOR THE SAUCE

Combine all ingredients in a small bowl, and stir to combine. Cover and refrigerate until ready to use (sauce can be refrigerated up to 5 days).



Oni-Style Burger

2 servings (OR ONE ONI)

Prep: 30 mins. Cook: 35 mins. Total: 65 mins. (TOO LONG)

1. Preheat oven or toaster oven to 400°F (200°C).
2. In a 10-inch nonstick skillet, heat 1 teaspoon (5ml) oil over medium-high heat until shimmering.
3. Add onion and 1/2 teaspoon salt, reduce heat to medium-low, and cook, tossing and stirring occasionally, until onions are well browned
4. Once onions begin to sizzle heavily and appear dry, add 1 tablespoon (15ml) water to skillet and stir to scrape up any browned bits. Continue cooking until water evaporates and onions start sizzling again, about 1 minute.
5. Repeat process, adding 1 tablespoon (15ml) of water at a time, until onions are meltingly soft and dark brown, about 3 times total. Transfer to a small bowl and set aside.
6. Place closed buns in preheated oven until slightly darkened and crisped, about 2 minutes. In a 12-inch skillet, heat 1/2 teaspoon oil over medium-high heat until shimmering.
7. Open buns and add face-down to skillet. Toast until dark brown around the edges, about 1 minute total. Transfer buns to a plate or tray; wipe out skillet.
8. Spread sauce on bottom halves of each bun, then top each with 4 pickle slices, 1 slice tomato, and 1 lettuce leaf. Set aside.
9. Form ground meat into four even balls. Using damp hands, press each into a patty. Season generously with salt and pepper.
10. In now-empty skillet, heat remaining 1/2 teaspoon oil over medium-high heat until lightly smoking. Add patties and cook without moving until well browned and crusty on bottom side, about 2 minutes and 30 seconds.
11. Using a spoon, spread 1 tablespoon (15ml) mustard on raw side of each patty. Using a spatula, flip patties so mustard side is down, and continue to cook for 1 minute.
12. Top each patty with 1 slice of cheese. Divide onion mixture evenly between two patties. Place the other two patties directly on top of the onion-topped patties.
13. Transfer burger stacks to prepared bottom buns. Close sandwiches, and serve immediately.

Ren MacKree
trenmackree

G 225
G 180
G 500
G 200
₱149
IAN
ANE
ELLIOT
ALEX
HARVEY
SAM
Riemii
@riemii00

That Will Be Forty-Three Yuan

By: Aurora | kyanoswillow

"Aiyah! Ye Xiu, get down here!" Chen Guo yelled, breaking Ye Xiu out of his concentration. He blinked and exited out to the login screen, before rising from his chair and ambling over to his boss. He gave a nod to the other members who he passed by.

"Yes, Boss?" He asked, raising an eyebrow when Chen Guo began searching her pockets. Letting out a small exclamation upon finding her wallet, she hesitantly handed it over to Ye Xiu. He looked down at the wallet, opened it, and looked back up, tilting his head slightly in question.

"You should go out and get a snack for us. Nothing fancy, and please use my card." She pointed at the golden Visa card in one of the pockets.

"Why can't we just take something from the supply?" He asked, confused as to why she wanted him to go out. He wasn't on shift yet, but he was preparing and updating tactics for the next season based on the current analytics. She could have even asked one of the other members to go out. Surely she should be more concerned about her investment. Even he could remember that from his childhood business lessons.

"Because–!" She stuttered, flustered, "You should be getting out more! Sitting around all the time isn't good, you know!"

Ye Xiu scrunched his nose briefly. Didn't she... Didn't she see the other team members sitting at their computers? Was he missing something? Last he checked, they *were* an esports team.

"But," he attempted a protest, but Chen Guo simply began shoving him towards the exit.

"Go! Make sure you get enough for the whole team!" And with that, she slammed the doors. Ye Xiu stood on the steps for a bit, genuinely a bit confused.

"Ok then, sure Boss." He mumbled, before beginning to walk down the street. The city was a hub of activity, as usual, so he ended up finding a Dunkin Donuts rather close. He opened the door and was greeted with some of the worst advertising he'd ever seen. And he had seen quite a lot.

Plastered on every wall were different-sized posters of One Autumn Leaf, set in different poses. He turned around and saw some posters on the windows as well. Scattered around the interior were small figurines, and on the shelf in the middle of the room were a bunch of One Autumn Leaf-themed cups as well as other items.

"..." Ye Xiu felt a myriad of emotions, ranging from relief to mortification. He was so, so thankful he never agreed to do any promotion in spite of all the nagging Tao Xuan did.

"Hello, are you ready to order?" A voice spoke, their tone completely deadpan.

"...Yes." Ye Xiu replied, making his way to the counter. The person behind the counter briefly looked up, before putting their phone aside.

“What would you like to order? We have a special sale going on where if you make a group purchase you might win a One Autumn Leaf figurine or adjacent merchandise.” Their voice didn’t change once during their sales pitch. Ye Xiu was slightly impressed.

“Ah, one munchkin box, twenty-five pieces.”

“What flavor?” The worker moved from the register to grab a munchkin box, before disappearing behind the counter entirely.

“Ah, the...” Ye Xiu took a bit of time to think. Boss sent him out to get a snack, and while she let him use her card, he didn’t exactly volunteer for the position. The rest of the team would surely understand if he just-

“I’d like plain.” The worker briefly appeared from behind the counter and slightly narrowed their eyes at him, but he just smiled. They ducked back down behind the counter, and Ye Xiu could hear a rustling sound and the faint sound of something hitting cardboard.

“Would you like anything else?” The worker asked after some time passed, rising up behind the counter again. Ye Xiu thought, for a brief moment, that perhaps he should be nice. He shook his head, both in response to his thought and also to the worker’s question.

“Oh, today we have our lucky customer.” The worker moved over to the drinks area, and Ye Xiu slightly raised his eyebrow in what he felt might be trepidation.

“...Yes?” He asked, still standing at the counter.

“You have won a special order, a free One Autumn Leaf-themed drink. Congratulations.” The worker began making the drink, but Ye Xiu could only stand in resignation. He just knew Old Wei would make fun of him once he caught a glimpse of the drink.

“... Great.” He couldn’t bring himself to say anything else. The two stood quietly in the store, the sounds of the drink being made the only noise.

“Ok, that will be,” the worker returned to the counter and tapped at the cash register, “forty-three yuan. Card?” Ye Xiu nodded his head and took out Chen Guo’s card. The worker took it and after a few moments passed, handed it back along with the receipt and the box, as well as the drink.

“Have a day. Come back.” The worker returned to looking at their phone. Ye Xiu could sympathize with them.

“Yes.” He left and quickly made his way back to the cafe. He wasn’t quite confident that he wanted to either return to that store or even go outside at all. He nodded to himself as he reached the doors, being a gamer really was the best career for him.

“Boss! I’ve returned!” He walked over to Chen Guo and placed her wallet down on the table nearby, along with the box. He kept holding the drink, in what felt like some last-ditch attempt to keep some face.

“Oh! Let’s see–” she opened the box and stared blankly inside.

“Old Ye!” Wei Chen shouted, jogging to the table. “What’s that in your hand? Hm?” He pointed at the drink.

“A smoothie.” Ye Xiu replied calmly, taking a sip.

The chef's Knife
ASE OF EMERGENCY
@theblue cats
Sad-gallaxy
TheBlueCats
@sad_gallaxy

Bee
@gelotl

Makes A Dollar, Makes A Dime

By: Starry | starryroyalty

"I want to speak to your manager."

Bakugou Katsuki slowly exhales through his nose and does his best to give his most non-murderous glare to the customer, who sniffs and holds her head high. "Do you have a viable complaint?" He asks through gritted teeth, trying not to let his hands clench.

"Doesn't matter." The lady rolls her eyes. There's someone standing behind her, and they already look bored. "Get me your manager! God, you can't even do your job correctly, can you? You should be fired by now."

Bakugou tries to remember his therapist's words and replies, "Ma'am, this is a Dippin' Dots mall location. I literally don't have a manager at this point. I don't care about whatever complaints you have. If you bothered to even read the sign, though, you can see that we have Banana Split—"

"You just lost a very valuable customer!" The lady shouts, face turning red. "I can't believe you would dare disrespect someone like me, do you know who I am? Do you think I'm stupid enough that I can't order ice cream?"

Bakugou blinks at her. "Yeah."

Throwing her hands in the air, the lady angrily storms away and Bakugou briefly scrunches his face. He sure hopes he doesn't have to deal with someone complaining about him (again), but working in fast food retail really tests your patience and will to live. If this wasn't Bakugou's only source of income since his parents forced him to work in his last year of high school, he would've picked an actual ice cream parlor or movie theater.

The mall's full of middle schoolers trying to look cool and get their ears pierced at Claire's, families who drag their kids to either drop them off at the little playground in the center of it or keep them occupied and not at home, and idiots just trying to get their shit together. It's a pretty terrible place to work, but Bakugou's only sole reason to come back (other than his relatively minimum wage income) is also here.

The next person in line, after the pissed off lady, is a girl with curly pink hair and looking like she just left dance class. She hefts a bag on her shoulder and shuffles her wallet out, getting her card ready. Bakugou feels a tiny bit of his will to live come back when she gives him a thumbs up.

"You here for some overpriced ice cream?" He asks the pink-haired girl. She blows a quick piece of bubblegum and cheerfully says, "Yeah! Dude, that lady was nuts. I can't believe she was blowing her fuse over what was it, the price of the ice cream?"

Bakugou narrows his eyes and feels an impending headache. “She wanted a hot dog. That was it. She was pissed that I didn’t have a goddamn hot dog here.”

The girl opens and closes her mouth. “This is an ice cream stand.”

“Yeah, fucking tell me about it.”

“Jesus. Well, best of luck with the rest of your shift. I work at McDonald’s part time, so I know how you feel.” The girl wrinkles her nose and twirls her card between her fingers. “Could I get a large Rainbow Ice if you’ve got any?”

Without even looking, Bakugou knows he doesn’t have that flavor. Spending your entire shift memorizing flavors is what he does every single time he clocks in. He hopes the girl doesn’t yell at him (even if she does seem cool) as he sighs and says, “Sorry, we’re outta that flavor.”

“Oh! Okay, gotcha. That’s all good dude! Do you have like, Cotton Candy or Icee Cherry ‘n Blue Razz?” She asks, attempting to sympathize from the infamous retail worker perspective. If Bakugou wasn’t so concerned about his job and dignity, he’d drop to his knees and thank her. However, he’s got an asshole personality to live up to, so he nods and starts scooping. He’s in a better mood, and his lunch break is coming up, so Bakugou gives her an extra helping of Icee Cherry before he hides it with some Cotton Candy.

The girl looks at him, pays, and tips immediately. “Thank you for your service,” she says seriously, and Bakugou snorts as he hands the ice cream over. “Appreciate it. Hope you don’t have to deal with shitty customers the rest of the day.”

“You too!” The girl calls, saluting as she leaves. Bakugou watches her go and sighs, glancing at the clock. He’s still got some time before his lunch break, so he cleans up his station and makes sure everything’s set up when he comes back from lunch. With a final check, and a free ice cream in hand, he’s ready to bounce.

He puts the “Out to Lunch - Be Back Soon” tabletop sign on the counter and frantically rips off his nametag, double-checking that he does indeed have an hour before he’s gotta go back to his post. At this point, Bakugou’s hauling ass as he gets out and starts rushing through the mall to his favorite part of the mall; the food court.

Working fast food retail is the worst. Everyone knows the only thing that makes it worth it is, of course, the gossip with your coworkers. Since Bakugou works alone for the most part, he has to settle for his best friend instead; Midoriya Izuku, who works at the Panda Express that stays open to close.

“Here’s your sesame chicken and fried rice with egg rolls!” Midoriya says cheerfully, handing the box over as some random customer thanks him and leaves. “Have a good day!”

Bakugou fights the urge to knock the napkin dispenser over (something he’s already been yelled at before) and instead waits his turn in line, rolling his eyes when Midoriya spots him and lights up. “Oh, hey Kacchan! Oh man, is it my lunch break already? Sorry, I lost track of time! Ah, let me finish with this customer behind you and I’ll clock out in a second!”

“You better hurry up,” Bakugou threatens, already knowing how this is gonna go. Since Midoriya’s the one who works all the damn time, his co-workers tend to text him asking him to pick up their shifts. He’s still a people pleaser at heart so he’s usually working if they’re not doing homework together, and it means he gets a decent paycheck from Panda Express.

Bakugou, thankfully, is witness to Midoriya’s final customer; a guy who clearly sees the “Out of Honey Walnut Shrimp” sign and then demands to have Honey Walnut Shrimp. Without missing a beat, Midoriya says, “I’m sorry sir, we’re currently out of that item! We have a few substitutes for that instead if you’re interested—”

“I wanted that shrimp,” the man snaps, putting his hands on his hips. “Go to the back and see if you have any! I can’t believe you wouldn’t have this in stock, that’s SUPER unprofessional! You better have it or else I want to speak to your manager.”

Midoriya claps his hands together with a barely held-together smile. “Of course! Let me go check that for you. Todoroki, if you could take over?”

His weird ass co-worker gives a lazy salute and mans the station. Bakugou has a feeling he knows exactly what’s going to happen next and snorts when he gets an immediate text message, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

Deku: man this guy sucks and he’s rude

like sir just LEAVE and go somewhere else idk what to tell u dude

Bakugou: If you pull my favorite stunt, I’ll give you the ice cream I potentially brought for you.

Deku: aw fuck fjdkslfj fine

if I get fired today it’s on you

it better be my favorite too

Bakugou: Fuck around and find out, then.

Midoriya reemerges from the back with a huge smile and puts his hands behind his back. “Sorry about that, sir! We’re completely out of the shrimp, but again, I can recommend you some substitutes—”

“This is fucking ridiculous! How hard is it to look in the back! I don’t care about your stupid substitutes, I want to talk to your manager!” The guy demands, looking incredibly pissed. Bakugou watches with delight as Midoriya takes a deep breath and Todoroki quietly exhales, trying not to laugh.

“Sir,” Midoriya says, looking absolutely delighted that he gets to do this again, “I am the manager.”

The man’s angrily smug face drops to shock and horror, and he takes a step back. “You? Some snarky, smartass kid? Don’t you know the customer is always right?”

This is, of course, absolute bullshit. Everyone knows the customer is usually wrong, and today is no different. Midoriya gets the same look in his eyes when someone gets a fact wrong about his favorite comic and TV show. “Actually, sir, you’d be incorrect! One, there is a sign clearly stating that we’re out of a current item. I attempted to offer substitutions, and you wouldn’t even consider them as an alternative. Two, you’ve had nothing but an attitude this entire time, and I will not hesitate to ban you from this establishment. Three, I am the manager, and I’ll kick your ass if you don’t order or get out.”

The man predictably leaves, embarrassed. It’s not often that you get to stand up to customers, but damn it’s satisfying. Midoriya runs the risk of getting fired every time he does it, but all he has to do is threaten to never take anyone’s shift ever again and his co-workers have his back.

“Anyways, I’m off to take my break.” Midoriya exhales, ripping his nametag off. “If we could keep this between us, Todoroki, it’d be greatly appreciated! Thank you!”

“For taking my late shift a few days ago, anything for you, Midoriya,” Todoroki monotones as he gets right back in his spot. “Next, please?”

Bakugou’s waiting for him at the side entrance, tapping his foot impatiently. They’ve got fifty minutes left, which is probably about twenty minutes in actuality. “Boss makes a dollar, I make a dime,” Midoriya huffs, smiling gratefully at Bakugou. “That’s why I eat lunch on company time!”

“That’s why I shit on company time,” Bakugou drawls, cackling as he shoves Midoriya. “Hurry up, idiot. You’ve already wasted too much of my own precious lunch break. For fulfilling the contract, here’s your reward.”

He shoves the ice cream over, and scrunches his nose when Midoriya grabs it with wide eyes. “Wait, is this the Ultimate Brownie Batter flavor? It’s my favorite! You’re the best Kacchan, I really appreciate it!” As Midoriya starts shoveling it into his mouth, Bakugou steers him over to the other side of the food court so they can grab lunch.

Once upon a time they could’ve been considered rivals, but the job industry out there is brutal and takes no prisoners. Bakugou found out early on that it wasn’t even worth it to try and chuck straw wrappers at Midoriya during his work shift, and instead decided to actually become his best friend when Midoriya showed up at the stand with a box of warm Panda Express after a really long shift.

It tasted like terrible, shitty bland mall food, and Bakugou inhaled the entire damn thing. It made them friends forever.

Luckily for Midoriya, they’ve done this routine plenty of times so Bakugou orders some standard food for both of them and heads on over to Auntie Anne’s just to get a large cup of pretzel bites. When they sit down at an open table, Midoriya looks at him and says seriously, “Kacchan, I’d literally die for you.”

“I know, moron.” Bakugou puts the cup in the middle so they can share it. “Am I going first, or is it you today?”

“I think it’s you,” Midoriya laughs as he shoves a pretzel bite in his mouth. “What idiots did you have at your stand today?”

Bakugou groans loudly and massages his brow, starting his story of the lady who wanted a hot dog at an ice cream stand. “She wouldn’t even listen when I said there’s hot dogs over here somewhere! And then she asked for my goddamn manager!”

“Why would you ask an ice cream stand for a hot dog?” Midoriya half-asks to himself, eating his lunch. “That’s dumb. Well, we get off work together later right? You wanna go watch a movie and use our employee discount to get a bunch of super buttery popcorn?”

Bakugou squints at him. “We don’t work at the movie theater.”

“Yeah, but Uraraka does, and she’d definitely give us a discount if we asked nicely.” Midoriya grins back. “So whaddya say! We can watch that new All Might movie since we’ve both been too busy to watch it. I’ll buy snacks if you buy popcorn?”

“Deal.” Bakugou steals the last pretzel bite and cackles when Midoriya gives him a betrayed look. “Gotta be faster than that, idiot. So I’ll see you after our shifts?”

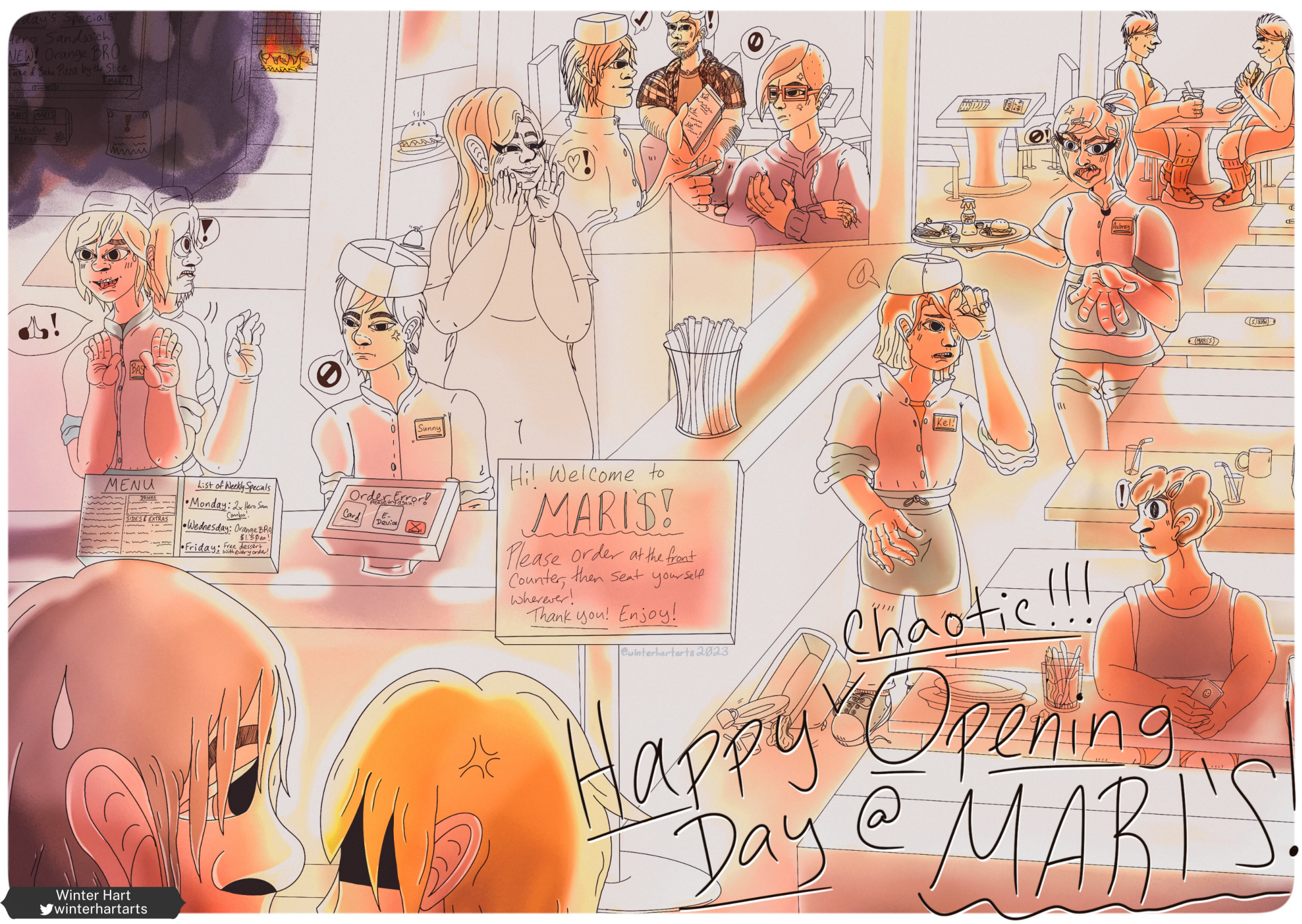
“Absolutely.” Midoriya grins, and their break flies by while they keep shit-talking and having fun. It’s not long until their break’s up, of course, and Bakugou’s still in the midst of cackling about the person who knocked over the napkin dispenser again when his timer goes off.

“Damn it,” Bakugou curses as he turns it off. Midoriya sighs and he rubs his eyes, frowning for a moment. “Thank god we have a day off this weekend,” he mumbles, and then brightens into his usual smile. “And we can hopefully hang out then too! I’ll see you later Kacchan, I hope the rest of your shift is alright!”

“You too, Deku.” Bakugou flips him off and heads back to work with his hands in his pockets, tuning Midoriya’s excited chatter out of his ears as he storms away.

There’s a few people hovering around the Dippin’ Dots stand, making Bakugou squint and wonder why they want overpriced ice cream from the mall. He shuffles into his spot and watches as the customers perk up and start coming closer.

All this for shitty income and terrible customers, but he still wouldn’t give up his friend and their mutual hatred of minimum wage jobs. Bakugou checks his phone again and grumbles to himself when he takes off the sign, clocking back in for the second half of his shift and thinking of how much popcorn he’s going to eat later.



Winter Hart
winterhartarts

Enjoy Your Stay

By: Animercom | SRAnimercom

Loid flipped a burger on the grill. It sizzled. The aroma of fresh meat wafted into the air. Steam stung his eyes. Loid could hear the bustle of customers beyond the kitchen. A poster above the grill welcomed members of the public to cook and serve customers with all proceeds going to a local orphanage. Upon hearing the event, Loid signed himself, Anya, and Yor up. *Even though Anya has struggled in the past, community service is still one the best ways for her to earn a Stella. I've cooked on the job before—I saved an ambassador from assassination by injecting laxatives into his food—so I trust in my abilities. But Anya...* Loid looked over his shoulder. "Anya, how is stacking the burgers coming?"

Anya stood on a stool by the counter. She had wrapped a large lettuce leaf around a burger and tore two eye holes for a makeshift bandana. "It's the end of the line for you, Bondman!" Roaring, Anya peeled back the top bun as if opening its jaws, with ketchup saliva dripping down.

"Stop playing with the food!" Exhaling, Loid held his forehead. "Go to the front door and help the seating hostess greet customers."

Head bowed, Anya balled her uniform. "'K-kay..." After snatching a fry, Anya hopped off the stool and, pouting, she sucked on the fry as she left the kitchen.

The restaurant had light wooden boards for walls with tile flooring. Naked bulb hung above square tables with square chairs. Chatter and the smell of burgers filled the air. Yor stood near a table, studying a menu.

Anya tugged on Yor's skirt. "Mama, I'm gonna go help the sitting bosstess."

Yor chuckled. "Best of luck, Miss Anya!"

Nodding, Anya headed off towards the door. Inhaling deeply, Yor put aside the menu and smoothed out her waitress uniform. *It's okay, I can do this.* Head held high, Yor approached a table with a gentleman dressed in a black three-piece suit. "Hello! Thank you for coming—P-P-Professor Henderson! I didn't realize you would be here."

Professor Henderson adjusted his monocle. "The menu at this restaurant is less than elegant. However, all monetary transactions go towards a good cause, so I will make an exception. Let's see here... I'd like a medium-well cheeseburger with keto buns, lettuce, ketchup, onions, hold the mayonnaise, three cucumber wedges at the north, southeastern, and southwestern corners in a perfect equilateral triangle, and fries."

Yor flinched. Sweating, Yor furiously wrote the order on a notepad, her pencil smoking. *Ah! Wait, what's the menu again? No, no, no, Yor. Stay calm. Just write what he said. That's a hamburger—no cheeseburger with lettuce, mustard, pickles, and fries. Hm? Fries? What does he mean by fries? Fries, fried... Fried by electricity!*

Eyes wide, Yor pressed her notepad to her chest. *Prof. Henderson wants to be fried with electricity? Never thought there'd be a day when a target requests what kind of death they'd want.* Yor vigorously shook her head. *No, Yor! You can't assassinate Miss Anya's teacher. But Loid said to get the customers whatever they ordered...* Yor eyed the electrical kitchen appliances. Single-handedly cracked her knuckles. *That would work... Oh, wait! There are french fries! Maybe I could cook it for him. That would be a shock. Yes, that must be what he means.* Smiling, Yor clapped her hands. "I'll go make that for you right away!" She hurried off to the kitchen.

"Hm? But aren't you a...?" Professor Henderson sighed. He looked over towards the front of the house where Anya was apologizing to the seating hostess for a mistake she made. He shook his head. "Like mother, like daughter, I suppose."

A woman in her twenties with a blond bob stood behind a podium. Eyebrow twitching, the seating hostess said, "All right, once more. When you open the front door, say, 'Welcome to The Roast,' okay? Oh, look there's another customer. Greet them just like that, okay?"

Heaving a sigh, Anya reached up and opened the door. "Belcome to The Toast." She gasped. "Wait, it's—!"

Damian stood in the doorway. Beside him were his friends, the tall, twig-like Ewen, and Emile with his bowl-cut hair. Smirking, Damian ran a hand through his hair. "W-we are only visiting this commoner restaurant because we, uh, wanted to laugh at its poor taste. Not at all because you mentioned you'd be volunteering here or..." He glanced up. Anya's handkerchief around her neck was slightly askew. A hair curled upwards in a cowlick. Damian's face heated up. *Or because you said you'd be wearing a uniform.*

"Y-yeah!" cried Ewen, pointing his finger at Anya. "We can eat and enjoy the entertainment you'll make, chibi!"

Emile blinked. "I just wanted the onion rings." Ewen jabbed an elbow into Emile's side. "Ow!"

Anya narrowed her eyes. *This is a chance to carry out Papa's mission! Anya could learn more about the second son.* Eyes closed, Anya lowered her head, her hands balled. "Anya..." After a big breath, Anya lifted her head, her eyes shining. "Anya will do her best for you!"

"Urk!" Hand over his face, Damian looked away. "D-do whatever you want; I don't care!"

"Follow me." Anya led them to a table, her arms and legs moving as stiff as a toy soldier. As they sat, Anya handed out menus.

Damian watched Anya return to the entrance where the seating hostess chatted with a couple. The hostess pointed to a free table near the front. Anya nodded. She guided them to the table in the back next to Damian.

"That's the wrong table, chibi!" scowled Damian. His friends snickered.

Anya froze. Her wide eyes met Damian's eyes. Biting her lip, Anya hung her head.

Damian blinked. *Why is she so upset? Wait, did she do that on purpose? Is she... trying to stay close to me?* Cheeks warm, Damian hid his face behind the menu.

Emile asked, "Why are you smiling, boss?"

"Sh-shut up! I am not!"

"Anya!" the seating hostess called. "Come on back. We have a very important guest!"

"Huh?" Anya looked up.

From the kitchen, Loid raised his spatula. "Anya, they need you."

Yor balanced two plates on her hands. "Go on, Miss Anya, give them your biggest smile! That should brighten their day."

Anya ran back to the entrance, her little feet pounding. The hostess held up a finger. "Listen close, Anya. Make sure they feel appreciated for taking the time out of their day to come and enjoy all this."

"Yush!"

Anya opened the door. Light from outside spilled into the restaurant, temporarily blinding Anya. Seeing the visitor, Anya beamed.

"Belcome! Thank you for coming. Anya hopes you enjoy your stay!"

kaonee_888
kaonee_888

Menu
CAFE
Elimy Art
elimyart

Coffee-Stained

By: Aditi Nair | rianitida

Annabeth needed just one thing to hold on to life: coffee. It was the hero of all drinks, carrying entire generations across its back through the rivers of overwork and adrenaline. Its exclusive status meant that she had to beat:

a) the lack of sleep

b) the rush hour traffic of New York City

c) her nightmarish architecture degree, and

d) her dwindling savings

by waking up at unholy hours of the day to succeed in her mission.

This also meant that Annabeth was no closer to paying her rent now than she was when she finally broke things off with her dad and started attending university. A job was the only thing that could save her, but the thought of surviving without the sweet pump of coffee through her veins... well, Annabeth liked to believe anything was possible, but she didn't think she could do that.

Holding back the urge to break down, Annabeth was on her way home from yet another stressful day of assignments and model-making. It was a lonely and destitute birthday, and the skies' tears only made her feel worse. She had no umbrella, had left her phone back home, and her wallet would not survive a trip to the laundry so soon, regardless of her desperate micromanaging.

Annabeth did not believe in luck, the same way she did not believe in angels. Sure, she never pushed her views onto others or got mad at them for spewing their beliefs onto her but when people talked about getting lucky with something, Annabeth always scoffed inside.

It happened, or it did not, and probability did not involve luck. *Luck* was just an excuse created to make people feel better about themselves.

But on that rainy day, Annabeth Chase got lucky.

There was a tall figure by the bus stand, face down, eyeing the rain. Carrying a skateboard, he looked to be around her own age, with scruffy sneakers, bright eyes and a handsome face with strong cheekbones. The words 'SEA YOU SOON' caught her eye in the meagre sunlight, printed out brightly to outshine the surrounding dreariness. He hummed a song under his breath.

He looked like one of the many skateboarders that moved about the city, and Annabeth did not put much thought into him. Manhattan was full of skateboarders and artists, after all.

By all means, he was a complete stranger to her. A cute one, yes. But still a stranger. He tipped his head and smiled upon seeing her, before going back to leaning against the stand, still humming his song.

Annabeth had read about music therapy and the influence it had on the mind, but it was then that she truly understood what it meant. She could hear it through the beats of the rain pattering around them, and the silent company warmed her.

Annabeth did not particularly have a habit of starting conversations, not unless it was about architecture, books or if the situation called for it. She also never bothered listening to music, but the tune was catchy.

"Is that Beyonce?" Annabeth asked, wincing inside. Great, she already opened her mouth.

The man looked up, eyes wide as though asking '*Did you call me?*' Her mind brought to the forefront an image of a baby seal. Cute.

"It's a band called Wayfloe, actually." He leaned towards her, flashing a warm smile like he was glad to see her. His eyes were green like the sea — if they were contacts, they suited him well.

If Annabeth had to continue that conversation, there would have just been awkward silence until the bus arrived. Thankfully, the man (*My name's Percy. What's yours?*) could actually hold a conversation, and before she knew it, she was laughing as he narrated a story of how his little sister insisted that, because her plushie was her baby, she was a penguin too.

For the first time in her life, Annabeth did not walk away. Under the rain with the warm company of a newfound friend, Annabeth was happy.

When they parted ways, she had a phone number scribbled onto her hand.

Percy was a good conversationalist. She had noticed it last time, too. He never ran out of things to talk about, yet always made sure to make her comfortable. Unlike Luke or Thalia who would either worry too much and get extremely stressed, or try to solve her problems for her, Percy was different.

Percy never crossed the line.

He was goofy and charming, but always had a feel for whether Annabeth would appreciate something or not. He was smarter than he appeared, reading her well even when they were just texting.

She called him Seaweed Brain for his obsession with water puns, received a very lame Wisegirl for her books and architectural rants, and through phone calls and texts, they learned more about each other.

She learned that Percy did not enjoy reading but he did like audiobooks. He was crazy about all things related to the sea, did not know his dad and was a mama's boy through and through. He loved blue cookies, was kicked out of every school he went to until he got a new stepdad who was 'cool', and loved his mom and little sister more than anything in the world.

He learned how Annabeth wished to make something permanent, was somewhat of a whiz with architecture, enjoyed reading books despite their shared problems of ADHD and dyslexia, *really* liked olives, and had broken contact with her dad.

It was Percy who, after a few weeks of dealing with Annabeth studiously avoiding the subject of work and expenses, recommended to her a cafe that was looking for part-timers. They had been talking to each other over video call that day, and Percy had been hesitant when he recommended it, probably because he knew of Annabeth's vicious pride.

Normally, she would have reared and hissed at the thought of asking for help, but... she didn't know how long her funds could last, and Percy was *genuine* in his offer. His baby seal eyes made it near impossible to be mad at him.

He sent her the Instagram account of the shop, and his bright eyes showed that he was definitely a fan. It was cute, the way his hands flailed about with a pen or tapped across the table, his face glowing with his earnestness.

Before she knew it, she had already applied as a part-time waitress, Percy cheering in the background. It was frightening, the way she couldn't control herself around him, but it was also fun. From the stories she heard, Annabeth had a feeling their first meeting would not have been as nice if they had met as children rather than adults.

And so, Annabeth stood in front of *Le Concord Café,* wrapped by the September mist. It was draped in purples and browns, warm yellow light slipping through pale curtains.

It was along her route to college, but she had never paid it much attention before. She could certainly understand the appeal; it reminded her of the pubs and breweries from the medieval era.

The bell twinkling her entrance, she found a woman in her forties— warm brown hair peppered with slips of white— cleaning down the tables. The drone of a radio jockey filled the room, playing old-school songs.

"Welcome to Le Concord Café. What can I get you, dear?" she asked with a smile.

The woman's smile felt familiar but she couldn't place it. Now was not the time for that. Annabeth looked at her name tag: Sally Jackson.

"I heard you were looking for a part-time waitress, Miss... Jackson?"

The woman lit up after that. Annabeth really needed to know why she was feeling this sense of deja vu.

"Oh, you are the new waitress! And none of that dear, please, call me Sally." Ms Jackson— no, *Sally*— set down her cloth and scribbled something on a piece of paper before gesturing towards a table. "I'll be with you in a minute, I just need to let the boss know you are here."

Annabeth sat at the table, wondering exactly why Miss Sally felt so familiar. She knew she'd never seen her before, but she still felt like someone she knew. But Miss Sally returned, and she squashed those thoughts judiciously.

The interview was generic, as far as Annabeth could tell. It was more like a conversation than an actual interview, and while Annabeth didn't understand how that would help her chances, Sally's secretive smile when she asked her showed that there really was something she was missing.

She learnt that Sally liked cooking, had a young daughter and son her age, and that her favourite colour was blue. She was the manager and worked in the kitchen back when the cafe first opened up. The cafe was owned by a man named Dionysus, whom she had the unfortunate opportunity to meet right after her interview.

Despite his looks and grumpy attitude, he seemed to unwillingly soften when Sally intervened. He looked to be more invested in his liquor shop than this cafe shop, which he claimed was forced onto him by 'dear old dad'. With the way they interacted, it felt like Sally was the one running the place with Dionysus as the figurehead.

After he left, noticing her discomfort, Sally assured her that he rarely visited the café, so she would not need to worry. Annabeth wasn't so sure, but the man just seemed like someone who was naturally nasty, and it looked like Sally had things under control, so it was probably fine.

Soon, she got the news that she was hired. After two weeks of training, she was ready for work. Sally loved blue to an almost obsessive degree: Percy would probably love her.

She also just had that motherly touch to her; even without her rambling about her kids or the shiny ring on her finger, she glowed. She fussed over all the staff, and always had a bright smile.

Work went well too. Sally refused to let any of the part-time staff work half-time, letting them complete assignments in the backroom and offering free food to those that often forgot to eat.

Annabeth no longer had to struggle for money; the pay was just enough for her to manage things well, and she had friends to keep her company now. Betty and Suzanne were two others who had joined the cafe at the same time she had, and there were also Derrick, Jenny and Rogers, who had been working at the cafe for well over a year.

Rogers was an asshole she did her best to avoid, Betty enjoyed crotchet and often made pieces for everyone, Suzanne was majoring in law, Derrick was a chemistry major, and Jenny was the youngest of them all, in her final years of high school. Dionysus (everyone called him Mr D, a name penned by Sally's son) visited spontaneously for some pastries but mostly to whine at Sally and get some pity drinks, or maybe just a pat on the head. He looked like he really needed one.

After starting work at Concord Café, life moved on. The semester was still stressful, New York still drove her crazy with the rapid weather and crowded subways, and the landlady still pestered her for rent, but things were looking up. Her sleeves were always stained with coffee, now that she had a consistent supply. She no longer felt homesick for Luke or Thalia, although they still talked every week. With Percy, Sally and all the others from the cafe in her life, she no longer felt alone. They kept her busy, and she found that she liked it.

With Jenny's sporadic high school schedule, the others often took shifts to cover for her. Soon, it was Annabeth's turn. Annabeth did not often do afternoon shifts, but she was free that day and Jennifer had cram school (that poor child), and she had volunteered.

The day had continued as usual, though she got to see some new faces that day. A redhead with paint on her clothes, an old woman that had difficulty hearing and seemed to have a pre-planned deal with Sally on what she wanted, a hot-headed teenager who got mad at everyone except Sally, and a lady in a suit who had a gentle smile and seemed to be familiar with everyone.

It was an interesting bunch, and fascinating to note that everyone had a soft spot for Sally Jackson. She did not blame them. If she believed in angels, they would look like Sally too. She was also sure that a few of their customers frequented just because of their crush on Sally, who seemed to be either unaware of their flushed cheeks or just practised at ignoring them.

The next person who entered through the door was a tall figure. A hoodie covering his black hair, he bobbed his head to the music from his earphones, looking around as though searching for someone. There was something familiar about him.

Their eyes met, and suddenly the world froze. She stopped counting the bills at the counter and stared into the wide-eyed sea-green eyes of one familiar Percy Jackson.

He looked like an idiot, gaping at her like he was seeing her for the first time in his life.

Percy averted his gaze, looking like he was caught doing something he shouldn't have, before lighting up as Sally entered the room.

"Mom!" Percy broke into a wide grin, suddenly looking years younger. "Estelle made lunch today," he informed gravely, handing over a bag that contained a tiffin. "So if the syrup drawings on the pancakes don't make sense anymore, that's Elsa making a penguin."

It suddenly made sense. Sally had mentioned she had a son her age, and a daughter. Percy had said that he had a sister. They were both obsessed with blue. They had the same surname: Jackson. Sally felt so familiar that day because Percy had her smile.

Oh god, she was an idiot for not seeing it before.

By the time the shock wore off, Percy had already delivered food to his mom (and would you look at that, she was his *mom*), Annabeth made her resolve. Walking quickly, she caught Percy before he left, and offered a sharp smile.

"Let's talk, shall we?"

Percy gulped, aware of how angry she can get. He eyed his mom for help and paled when she looked away. He was abandoned.

"Surprise?" He tried, with a sheepish smile. God, he really was such an idiot, she should not be finding him adorable right now.

Percy's skin turned a pretty shade of pink. "What?" Annabeth asked, raising an eyebrow.

Coughing, Percy looked away. "You said your thoughts out loud again."

"*Oh.*" It was Annabeth's turn to blush.

Thankfully, Sally intervened at that moment. "Why don't you two go back to the break room and sort things right, hmm? I'll cover the counter while you're gone."

Or maybe she shouldn't be thankful. No one said no to Sally Jackson, and they had just been sentenced to talking things out in the break room.

Percy was sweating bullets, looking like a baby seal waiting to be devoured, and Annabeth couldn't control herself anymore. She laughed, finally letting herself go into the irony of things.

"Did you really recommend me, a new friend you just made, to the cafe that's all but owned by your mom?" Annabeth asked, pausing in between to catch her breath.

"Y- you're not mad?" Percy asked, flabbergasted. He looked like he just found out the earth wasn't flat. And then he slid to the floor, looking relieved. "Thank god you aren't mad, I wasn't sure you'd take it well but I thought seeing you around would be fun and you needed help and *mom* needed help and—"

Annabeth sat next to him and leaned in. He tasted like salt and coffee.

When she pulled back, he was looking at her like she was all there was. His shirt had the icon of a brain munching on seaweed, the sea-obsessed doofus, and she felt unbearably fond.

Leaning forward, she asked, "Now, why don't you ask me on a date properly, Seaweed Brain?"

Annabeth had never seen a smile as bright and warm as the one he flashed him right then. With his arms around her waist, he offered a peck on her cheek. "Will you go watch a movie with me this weekend, Wisegirl?"

Annabeth burst out laughing. "A movie? Let me guess. It's *Finding Nemo*, isn't it?"

"...It's *Finding Dory*, not *Nemo*," Percy pouted, nuzzling into her shoulder.

Annabeth held back a guffaw, but the tight arms around her told her she did not go unnoticed. "You aren't letting this go, are you?" He whined, petulant.

Annabeth has never felt like this before; she would float away to outer space like a helium balloon, high on this new-found happiness. "I'm never making things easy for you, Percy."

Percy answered her by kissing her. And then they kissed, again and again, and between the breaks to catch their breaths and get the laughter out of their system, they knew they were going to be okay.

Unscrypted
Unscrypted_
Elimy Art
elimyart

Luka's Harajuku Crepes

Created by: Mars | KaseiCosplay

Serves: 3 People | Time: 20 mins

Ingredients

- 2 ½ cups heavy whipping cream
- 2 cups fruit (grapes and cherries used here)
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ cup flour
- ½ cup chocolate chips
- 4 Tbsp sugar
- 2 Tbsp vegetable oil
- 6 Pocky sticks, optional
- 2 eggs
- Sprinkles as desired
- A pinch of salt
- 1 tsp Vanilla Extract

Instructions

1. In a bowl, combine 1 Tbsp of sugar, eggs, salt, and milk. Slowly stir in the flour, making sure large clumps don't form.
2. Grease a pan (the flatter and wider, the better) with the vegetable oil, making sure to rub the oil over the entire bottom and sides. Put the pan over medium heat and let it warm up for a minute.
3. Add just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan in a thin layer, swirling it around to cover the entire bottom of the pan. Let cook until bubbles start to form on top (roughly 1 minute), then flip.
4. Continue cooking for another thirty seconds, then remove the crepe. Repeat steps 3 and 4 for the rest of your batter, then set the hot crepes aside to let them cool.
5. In a large mixing bowl, combine 2 cups of heavy whipping cream, vanilla extract, and 3 Tbsp of sugar. Whip together until stiff peaks form (this means that the cream will stand up on its own with no assistance if you remove the whisk. The best way to whip the cream is to introduce a lot of air into the mixture as you whip it, whether by hand or with a mixer).
6. Melt the chocolate chips in a double-boiler (or a microwave on the lowest setting). Stir frequently to avoid burning, and add ½ cup of heavy whipping cream. Continue stirring until the chocolate and the cream are fully blended together.
7. Slice your fruit into small bite-sized pieces.
8. It's time to assemble your crepe! Take one of the crepe bases and add whipped cream along only one side, covering approximately ⅓ of the crepe. Add fruit, chocolate, and sprinkles as desired.
9. Draw a very thin line of whipped cream around the opposite edge of the crepe, to help it stay closed when you wrap it. Begin rolling your crepe with the bulk of your ingredients on the inside.
10. When you are finished wrapping the crepe, add extra toppings and the Pocky on top for an added flourish. If your crepe is on a plate, you can drizzle extra chocolate and whipped cream on the outside.

MangoMagica
MangoMagica

Golden Chicken Burger

Created by: Pixel Perfect Baking

Serves: 6 People | Time: 1 hour 20 mins

Ingredients

For the slaw

- 2 cups cabbage, sliced
- 1 cup carrots, grated
- ¼ cup peanuts, chopped
- 1 Tbsp rice wine vinegar
- 1 Tbsp lime juice
- 3 green onions, cut into ¼ inch sections
- ¼ inch ginger root, grated
- 1 tsp sesame oil
- 1 tsp honey

For the sauce

- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tbsp sriracha

For the burger

- 1 lb ground chicken
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp five spice powder
- 1 tsp garlic powder
- 1 tbsp mayonnaise
- 1 egg
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 cups breadcrumbs
- ¼ cup oil
- 6 burger buns

Instructions

To make the Slaw:

1. In a large bowl combine cabbage, carrots, peanuts, and green onions.
2. In a small bowl whisk together rice wine vinegar, soy sauce, lime juice, sesame oil, grated ginger root, and honey until combined.
3. Pour liquid ingredients over the cabbage mixture and thoroughly combine. Set aside.

To make the Sauce:

1. In a small bowl thoroughly mix mayonnaise and sriracha together. Set aside.

To make the Burger Patty:

1. In a bowl combine ground chicken, salt, five spice powder, garlic powder, mayonnaise, and the egg until uniform.
2. Divide mixture evenly into 6 round patties and place on parchment paper. Place patties in the freezer for approximately 30 minutes or until able to handle without collapsing.
3. While patties are in the freezer, prepare the dredge and breadcrumbs. Place buttermilk in one bowl and the breadcrumbs in a second dish.
4. Heat the oil in a skillet over medium heat before dredging the patties.
5. Remove patties from freezer, dredge patty in breadcrumbs then the buttermilk and then the breadcrumbs again.
6. Place patty in the heated oil and fry until golden brown on both sides and cooked through.

Assembling the Burger:

1. Place a spoonful of sauce on the bottom bun.
2. Place chicken burger on top of sauce.
3. Place a heaping spoonful of slaw on top of chicken burger.
4. Before placing top bun, add a layer of sauce to bottom of the top bun then place on top of slaw and enjoy.

Note:

This can be served with wedge fries by cutting large potatoes into 10-12 wedges each.

Toss in 1 Tbsp of oil, ½ tsp salt, and ½ tsp black pepper.

Place on a baking sheet and bake at 425°F for 25-30 minutes flipping wedges half way through.

Where Is A BatBurger When You Need It?

By: Aurora | kyanoswillow

"God, I'm hungry," Jason said to himself as he walked down a street in New York City, "but the only thing that's open is a McDonald's. And it's not even decorated. Why is it grey?" He squinted, a frown on his face as he took in the grey, square, minimalist building. "I think that's, like, actually offensive to me. There's no class, no soul! How am I supposed to enjoy my food in such an awful place!" He shook his head as he opened the doors, frowning in distaste at the industrial lighting.

"Hello! How can I help you?" A college student stood behind the cashier, a genuine smile on her face. Jason immediately didn't trust her. Who could possibly be *that* happy working in the service industry? No one, that's who.

"I'll have a..." He looked at the menu in horror. Yeah, BatBurger wasn't exactly a Michelin-star restaurant. In fact, calling it a restaurant might be giving it too much credit, but it had life! McDonald's had nothing! Where was the Ivy salad, the Night-wings? Hell, even the Jokerized fries? The only thing he could see was that the burgers kept having more and more patties! Who needs that many in a single burger? Just get two burgers!

"... A grilled cheese and bacon." He finally replied, tearing his eyes away from the menu and putting a hold on his crisis.

"Would you like fries or a drink with your order?" The student asked, still smiling.

"... Medium fries and a ten-piece nugget. No drink. Please." Jason was absolutely not over his crisis, and his tenuous hold on it was quickly weakening. That, however, did not mean he would be impolite to the service worker. He *would* be impolite to and disrespect the building.

"Your total will be thirteen forty-five. Oh!" The cashier exclaimed, to which Jason flinched. "I almost forgot, if you buy a Happy Meal, you have a chance of getting one of eight Gotham's heroes! Uh," she began to list off the names using her fingers, "we have Batman, Robin, Red Hood, Nightwing, um," she had four fingers up, "and some others! Would you like to buy a Happy Meal?" She grinned sheepishly, and Jason had the sudden urge to laugh.

"Yeah, I'll get the cheeseburger one." He smiled, and the cashier just blushed nervously.

"I've gotta get those names down..." She mumbled, punching in the new addition to his order.

"Your total is seventeen dollars and ten cents. Will you be paying–" She was cut off as Jason handed over a card.

"Card." He moved his attention away from the register and took a proper look around the interior. Empty, dull, drab, there wasn't even a play area! No wonder there was nobody in the store. He shook his head slightly, the ugliness of capitalist minimalism. He scrunched his eyebrows right afterward and had the thought that maybe the actual reason no one was there was because it was one in the morning. He shrugged, it was probably both.

"Here you go, your order should be out soon!" She handed Jason his card back and moved to the side. Five minutes later, he left the building with his Happy Meal, his fries, burger, and nuggets. He leaned on a nearby pole and opened the Happy Meal, interested in what figure he got. He hoped it was Batman, not just so he could show Bruce the undoubtedly ugly paint job, but to also use it as his next target for target practice.

"Oh!" He exclaimed, picking out the Red Hood figure. He moved it side to side, and carefully inspected the details. He nodded to himself, not too shabby. He tucked the figurine in his jacket pocket and continued to walk from where he came from, eating the Happy Meal cheeseburger first. Perhaps New York City wasn't *completely* terrible.

He briefly stopped walking to shake his head. No, New York City was still awful. But it wasn't as bad as Florida, which was about as generous as Jason was going to be on the matter.

"Wait a minute. My sauce!" He placed his head in his hands, bag and all. He took it back, he thought miserably as he restarted his walk, New York City was the *worst*.

Pik Pik Burger

Created by: Callieopes | Callieopes

Serves: 4 People | Time: 45 mins

Ingredients

- 1 cup strawberries
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 5 Tbsp olive oil, separated
- 1 Tbsp balsamic vinegar
- 1 Tbsp tomato paste
- 8 Small Yukon Gold potatoes
- 8 cremini mushrooms
- 8 Small butter lettuce leaves
- 1 Shallot
- 1 Persian cucumber
- 1 Small roma tomato
- Half of a bay leaf
- Pinch of red pepper flakes, optional
- 1 tsp yellow mustard
- ½ tsp hot paprika
- ½ tsp sugar
- ¼ cup white vinegar
- ¼ tsp dill seed

Instructions

1. In a clean container, mix together 2 tablespoons of olive oil, balsamic vinegar, and yellow mustard. Clean the mushrooms, remove their stems, and place in the container with the balsamic marinade. Let the mushrooms marinate while you prepare the other ingredients.
2. Combine the white vinegar, dill seed, bay leaf, dried red pepper, and sugar in a microwave safe bowl and stir. Slice the cucumber into thin rounds and add it to the bowl. Cover the bowl with plastic wrap, and microwave for 1 minute. Give the cucumbers a stir, and then microwave for 1 minute more. Remove the bowl and let it cool. If you don't have a microwave, boil the vinegar and spices in a small pot, pour it over the cucumber slices, and allow to cool.
3. Preheat oven to 400°F.
4. Halve the potatoes across the widest point, and toss them with 1 tablespoon of the olive oil and a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Place them on a baking sheet and roast for 15 minutes.
5. While the potatoes are cooking, combine the strawberries, tomato paste, orange juice, and paprika in a blender, and blend until smooth. Set aside.
6. After the potatoes have roasted for 15 minutes, flip them, and add the mushrooms to the baking sheet. Return them to the oven and roast them both for another 15-20 minutes, or until the potatoes are golden brown and crispy around the edges.
7. Slice the tomatoes, shallots, and the pickles you made earlier.
8. Once you remove the potatoes and mushrooms from the oven, you can assemble your burger. Put a dollop of the strawberry ketchup sauce on one half potato, then a couple gherkin slices, some shallot rings, and a roasted mushroom. Add a piece of butter lettuce and tomato, then top with another potato half. Hold it all together with a toothpick, and they are ready to serve.

Grace
@ratrangoon

Sweets Paradise

By: Animercom | SRAnimercom

"I-I'll be right there! Give me one second."

Lumine frantically counted change at the mora box on the counter. After traveling the seven countries of Teyvat, Lumine had returned to Mondstadt to open Sweets Paradise, a pastry café, with the help of Paimon, Albedo, and Klee. The counter, tables, and walls were painted mint green with white accents, Mondstadt's national colors. Glass displays built into the counter showcased an array of desserts. Colored flutes stacked behind the counter sparkled in the window's sunlight.

"Coming." Lumine raised the hinged flap of the counter before closing it behind her. She sidestepped the circular tables in the center to approach one of the tables along the wall. Dandelion vases served as the centerpiece while baskets of assorted Mondstadt flowers hung overhead. "Yes? What would you like to order?"

"Oh no, you took our order already, Honorary Knight. We were just wondering if we could have your autograph?"

"Me too!" Another table cried.

"No, wait, can you tell us about the time you traveled to Snezhnaya?"

"Autograph? Stories? Um..." Lumine could feel sweat down her dress' back, thanks to the summer heat. Lumine had gussied up with a bow and a tiered white dress with blue accents. The topmost tier resembled large blue petals falling from her waistline. The cloying sweet aroma felt smothered Lumine. Around Lumine, people chatted and outside people bustled. Between the noise and heat, Lumine felt dizzy. Hands raised, she stepped back. "Sorry. This is a café so just enjoy yourselves. Don't worry about me."

Lumine moved to an empty table and began stacking the dirty dishes.

"Ah, Honorary Knight? Here's our mora, but I forgot the exact price."

"Lumine is fine. And coming! Okay, so your total is..."

Klee darted past to stand by an occupied table. She wore a chef's jacket, red necktie, and a red skirt. "Hi, I'm Klee. I'm a waitress. Doesn't Klee look cute?"

As seating hostess, Paimon floated by the front entrance. Frowning, Paimon set her hands on her hips. "Klee, let the customers eat in peace. Go see if Albedo needs help in the kitchen."

"'Kaaay!" Klee ran off, her feet pounding on the hardwood floor. She banged her head into the hinged flap of the counter, drawing everyone's attention. "I'm okay!" She ducked underneath the flap and disappeared into the back.

After Lumine counted out the change, the customers left, leaving their table vacant. Lumine hurriedly wiped down the empty table. "Paimon, one table for two!"

"Got it!" answered Paimon. "Okay, you can take the table back there and—Hey! No cutting in line!"

"I just really want to snap a photo of the Savior of Teyvat then I'll go. You see, I got this Kamera from my cousin in Fontaine. Capturing her in a waitress uniform on opening day...!"

A woman holding a child's hand squeezed through the door behind him. "Are there going to be any openings soon? We've been waiting for hours."

"What do you want Paimon to do? Paimon can't magic up more tables!"

"It's midafternoon for crying out loud! And we skipped breakfast for this!"

Lumine looked up from wiping down the table. Sighed. Tucking a stray strand of hair behind an ear, Lumine made her way over. Customers clogged the doorway. "Sorry about the long wait. But we're at max capacity at 40 seats and there's no way we can..." Lumine glimpsed the line outside her café had lapped the entire block. Her stomach dropped. "...serve the whole city, wow. Um."

Albedo emerged from the kitchen and placed a tray of desserts and drinks on the counter. "Order up!"

"Paimon, you handle them." Lumine turned back into the café to serve the orders. Crying out for Lumine, the crowd surged forward.

"Wait! P-Paimon can't do this by herself!"

Sweating, Lumine carried the orders to their respective tables. At the last table, Lumine set down a plate, but the patron shook his head. "That's not my order. I wanted a Brightcrown and mint jelly, not Apple Cider and Moon Pie."

"Oh, I—Wait, those clothes. Are you from Liyue?"

"Heck, Liyue's not that far. I saw someone from Inazuma earlier. And I think there was someone from Sumeru waiting in line."

Lumine stiffened. *What? How? I just wanted a small, cozy café.* "R-right, um, I'll check in the back about your food."

"I mean, I'll take it; I don't mind. Just count that as my order." He shoved a forkful into his mouth. "Mmm! Delicious."

But that could have been someone else's...! Exhaling, Lumine shook her head and headed into the back.

A wave of heat crashed into Lumine as she entered the kitchen. Two stone ovens were fired up, along with the portable stoves. A mess of ingredients, whisks, and bowls were spread across the rectangular island in the center. Tickets hung from a ceiling hanging rack. Shelves along the wall stored ingredients.

Brows furrowed, Albedo piped a valberry cake. Sweat beaded his forehead. He wore a blue tie, vest, and a wraparound apron overtop black pants. Sugar dusted his hair and stained his apron. Klee stacked dishes in the back.

"Apologies, I'll be finished in 90 seconds. This is for tables 3, 4, and 11."

"What's the order for table 8?"

"Eight?" Blinking, Albedo straightened. He wiped his forehead. "Didn't I send that order a moment ago? The Apple Cider and Moon Pie?"

"Yes, but they said it wasn't theirs. Are you sure it wasn't the order of the previous people who sat there before they arrived?"

"I... thought I was certain. There's been so many..." Albedo sorted through the stacks of tickets on the table. Checked underneath bowls for other stray tickets. "Where?" Albedo stooped to pick up a ticket on the ground.

Across the island, Klee stood on a stool, reaching for a ticket on the rack. "Almost gooot it...! Ahh!" She slipped.

"Klee!" Albedo lunged and caught his sister. While falling, Klee knocked the flour bag onto the floor. Flour plumed up in a cloud.

Coughing, Albedo set Klee down. "Are you all right?"

"Sorry... Klee was only trying to help."

"The important thing is you're not injured. But this does pose quite the conundrum. That was the last bag of flour."

Lumine froze. "You have to be kidding me!"

"I wish I was. When prepping the kitchen, I never would have imagined we'd have this volume of customers."

"Klee, can you run over to Sara from Good Hunter and buy more? Have her put it on my tab."

"Okie dokie!" Klee dashed out of the kitchen, still covered in flour. "Look everyone, Klee's a ghost. Boo!"

Exhaling, Lumine craned her head to each side. Massaged a cramped shoulder. *To think we still have several more hours to go before closing...* Lumine closed her eyes. *It's fine. We'll make it work. Somehow. Probably.*

Raised voices shouted outside. It sounded like a brawl. After exchanging glances, Lumine and Albedo burst into the café. Outside, Favonius Knights were pulling apart two men.

"He took my place in line!"

"So what? I've been waiting longer than you have!"

Other voices from the crowd asked, "When are we going inside? It's been forever."

"We want to see the Honorary Knight! Where is she?"

"That's enough squabbling, everyone! You've been rowdy all day. Hey! I said stop fighting! Stop!"

Tsking, Albedo brushed past Lumine and ran outside.

Eyes closed, Lumine held her forehead. Her head pounded.

"Uh, so how much longer until my Moon Pie order? I saw you give it to someone else."

Lumine groaned.

That night Lumine let her head drop against a table. Paimon lay on the floor sprawled on her back, mumbling, "I don't wanna move..." The restaurant had emptied, but tables still had dirty dishes on them. Crumbs littered the floor. While the windows had darkened, candle sconces added a warm glow to the café.

Whimpering, Lumine covered her head with her hands. "I don't even want to think about tomorrow."

Albedo sat slightly slouched on a chair across from her, an untouched cup of coffee in front of him. Klee lay across two chairs, her head resting on Albedo's lap. Eyes closed, she slept. Sighing, Albedo held his chin. "Yes, I doubt any of us could manage a repeat of today. Not without more staff at least. I could ask Noelle for some aid baking in the kitchen and washing dishes."

Grunting, Paimon peeled herself off the sticky floor. "Oh, and Mona is always down for making extra mora! Paimon bets she'd make for a good waitress."

"Paimon, if you could act as a floater, refilling drinks or napkins, that would be a big help," added Lumine.

"No problem! Paimon's a great floater. I do it all the time!"

Humming, Lumine straightened and tapped a finger to lips. "Maybe Venti would work for a bottle of wine."

Albedo nodded. "An excellent idea. Entertainment for customers waiting outside should discourage rowdiness."

Head bowed, Lumine murmured, "Yes... sounds like a plan."

"Something wrong?"

Lumine balled the lap of her dress in her hands. "It's just... I opened this café because I wanted to settle down in Mondstadt with you and Klee. To have a home and make friends. But everyone only sees me as the Savior of Teyvat, not Lumine."

"I see." Rubbing Klee's back, Albedo gazed out the dark windows, watching the occasional passerby. "It may take some time for the café's novelty to fade, but once it does, the customers who stay and become regulars..." Elbow on the table, Albedo rested his chin on his palm. He slid his cup of coffee across the table. A coffee art of a smiley face gazed up at her. Albedo smirked. "They'll be there to see your smile."

Lumine blinked. "I..." Then, like the sun breaking through the clouds, Lumine beamed. "Yeah, you're right! Let's give it our all tomorrow, too!"

Huffing, Paimon crossed her arms. "But that doesn't solve the problem of weirdos coming to the shop to see Lumine."

Eyes narrowed, Albedo radiated frost. "Oh?"

"It's nothing! Don't worry about it."

"You will tell me every detail."

"Okay, so this guy with a Kamera tried to force his way in—"

"*Paimon*...!"

Given You A Coffee

By: Leekachu | leekachuarmy

Mafuyu Sato is a quiet introvert who sleeps at the top of a stairway during every break. During one break his nap was interrupted by Uenoyama. As soon as Mafuyu hears him stand to fix his rusted guitar strings, he signals for Uenoyama to sit and instantly approaches him. Mafuyu queries whether they are fixable. Later on, Uenoyama works to fix this boy's guitar strings and even offers basic lessons. As they both grow closer, Uenoyama invites Mafuyu to listen to his band rehearsal.

As he sat through their practice, he couldn't help but feel a sense of belonging; he was excited to have made a friend. The chemistry between the band members was undeniable: Uenoyama was an incredibly talented guitar player, Haruki was a great bassist and Akihiko was a master on the drums. Uenoyama thought that Mafuyu's voice would be the perfect addition to the group. Mafuyu couldn't believe his luck when Uenoyama invited him to join their band that evening. He had always dreamed of playing music with a group of talented musicians and now it was finally happening. He was excited to be a part of something so special and couldn't wait to see where it would take him.

After practice, they talked about the upcoming gig and how excited they were for Mafuyu to be a part of it. Haruki then dropped a bombshell on Mafuyu. He told him that in order to join the band, he would need to get a part-time job to help with the expenses. Mafuyu was a little taken aback by this, but he knew that it was a small price to pay to be a part of something so unique.

Determined to join the band, Mafuyu went out and got a job at a local cafe. It wasn't the most glamorous job, but it paid well and it gave him the chance to be around music all the time. He enjoyed serving customers and making them happy with their coffee and pastries. Mafuyu had no prior experience working in food service but was eager to get started. His first day on the job was a whirlwind. His shift was at 6 am and he found the cafe already bustling with customers. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee filled the air, and Mafuyu was immediately put to work taking orders and preparing drinks. He slowly learned the ins and outs of the coffee machine and how to make a variety of drinks, from cappuccinos to lattes and everything in between.

Over the coming weeks, he settled into his role as a barista, he learned how to make recommendations for customers who weren't sure of what they wanted and how to manage the ever-present line of people waiting for their morning caffeine fix. Working in a cafe had its challenges, though. He had to be on his feet for hours at a time, and the pace could be overwhelming. One day, the band came to the cafe to hang out. Mafuyu was working and didn't realize that they were there until they walked up to the counter. They were surprised

to see him working there and exclaimed how happy they were that he had found a job. Mafuyu noticed the line gathering behind them and urged them to order, he prepared their drinks and directly brought them to the others. They chatted for a while until he had to go back behind the counter and then left, leaving Mafuyu with a huge smile on his face.

A few days later, Uenoyama and Mafuyu went to the music store to buy a guitar pedal that Mafuyu needed for the upcoming gig. They browsed the store, trying out different pedals, Uenoyama was helpful and patient, showing Mafuyu the different options available. In the end, they found the perfect pedal and Mafuyu couldn't wait to use it in their next performance.

The day of the gig finally arrived and Mafuyu was nervous: no one had heard the lyrics he wrote to the song and he was scared of how everyone would react. The band had been rehearsing for weeks and they were all ready to put on a great show. Mafuyu's voice was amazing and he had even managed to incorporate the new pedal into his playing. The crowd loved them and they got a standing ovation at the end of their set.

After the gig, the band celebrated with food, drinks and laughs. Mafuyu couldn't believe how much his life had changed in such a short period of time. He had found a job, made new friends, and was now part of an amazing band. He knew that this was just the beginning and he couldn't wait to see where his journey with them would take him.

Robo Fizz's Drive in!
Veronika
boop
MangoMagica
MangoMagica

Surfer Boy Pizza Special

Created by: Callieopes | Callieopes

Serves: 3–6 People | Time: 2 hours (or between 6–26 hours if making dough from scratch)

Ingredients

Dough:

- 3 ½ cup (450g) all-purpose flour
- 1 ⅛ cup (270g) warm water
- 2 Tbsp (30g) olive oil
- 1 ¾ tsp (5g) instant yeast
- 8 ⅓ tsp (35g) sugar
- 2 ½ tsp (12g) salt
- Cornmeal and flour for dusting

Toppings:

- 3 cups (12oz/339g) mozzarella cheese, shredded
- ½ cup (120g) pizza sauce
- ½ cup (125g) grated parmesan cheese
- ½ cup (120g) barbecue sauce
- 1-8oz (227g) can of pineapple chunks, drained
- 1-4oz (113g) can of jalapeño slices, drained (optional)
- 2.5oz (70g) Pepperoni slices (approx. 40 slices)
- 1 Tbsp (10g) granulated garlic

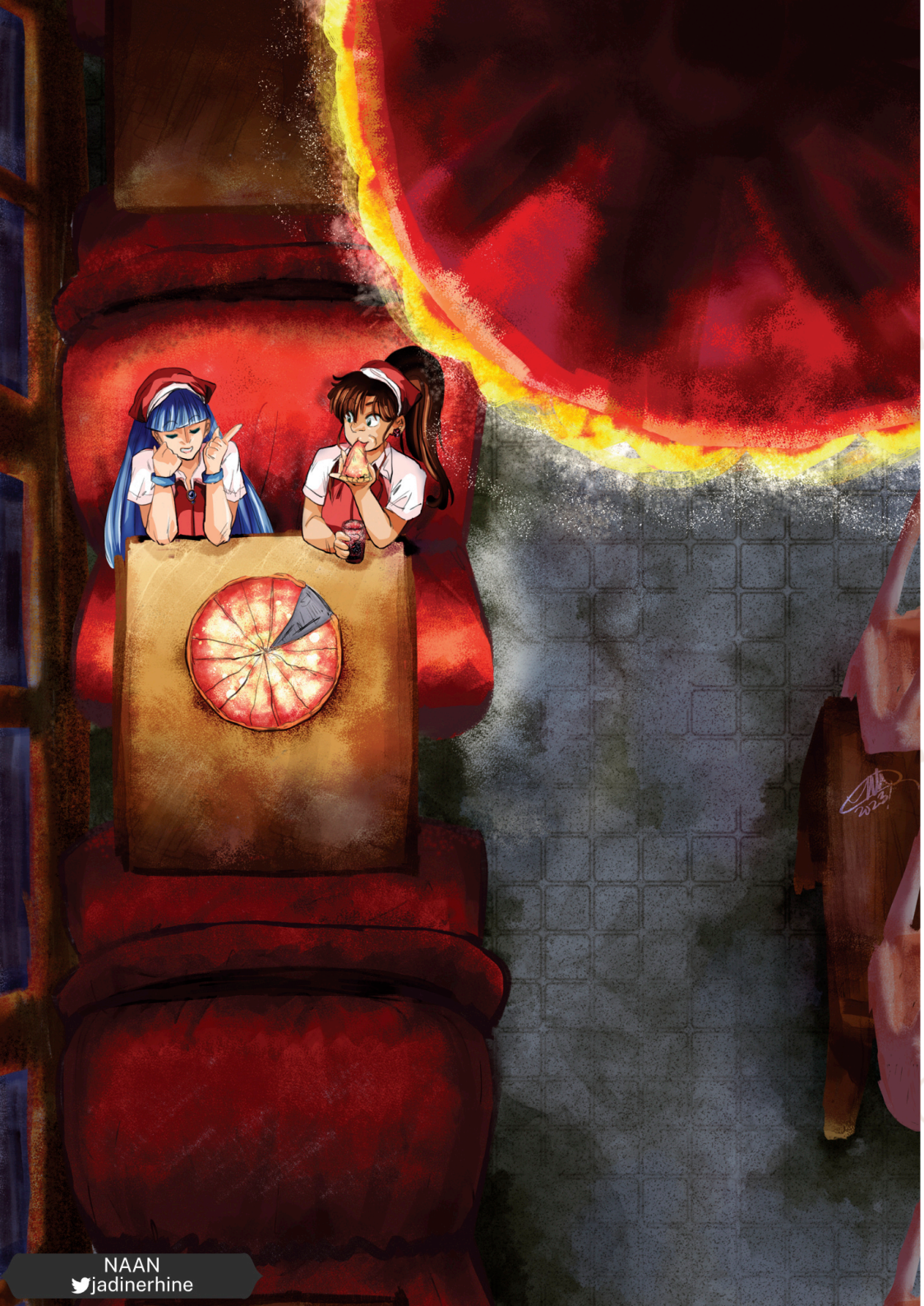
Instructions

Dough:

1. Add all the dough ingredients into a stand mixer with a dough hook attachment. Mix on low for 3 minutes or until combined.
2. Increase to high speed and continue to mix for about 4 minutes.
3. Transfer to an oiled bowl, cover, and ferment at room temperature for 30 minutes.
4. Take the dough and pull the edge furthest away from you up and out, and fold it on top of the rest of the dough. Repeat the stretching-and-folding on each side, as if the dough were a square. Cover and let the dough ferment at room temperature for another 30 minutes.
5. Fold the edges in on itself again, then the dough into a taught ball and transfer to an oiled container. Cover and refrigerate for 4-24 hours.
6. Before you build your pizza, pull the dough ball from the fridge and allow to temper for about 90 minutes, covered.

Pizza:

1. Preheat the oven (and, if using, your pizza stone or steel) to 550°F(290°C).
2. On a large cutting board or baking sheet (if you aren't using a pizza stone or peel, use the baking you will want to cook on), dust the dough ball and work surface generously with finely ground cornmeal and flour before placing dough on your work surface. Using your fingertips, work to spread the dough into a large circle from the middle out, making sure to leave a raised border around the perimeter for the crust. Pop any air bubbles as you go. Once the dough is about 12 inches (30 cm) diameter, continue to increase the dough size by flipping, pulling, and stretching until the pizza reaches about 16 inches (40 cm) across.
3. Dollop the pizza sauce in the middle of the dough, and then the BBQ sauce on top of that. Using the back side of the spoon and a spiral motion, spread out the sauce almost all the way to the edge of the dough, mixing the two sauces together.
4. Spread the cheese evenly over the sauce.
5. Place the pepperoni on top of the cheese, in overlapping concentric circles, from the middle out. Then add the pineapple and jalapeño. Finally, dust the whole pizza with the granulated garlic and parmesan, reserving a spoonful of parmesan for later.
6. If you're using a pizza stone, carefully transport the pizza using your cutting board, baking sheet, or a pizza peel to the pizza stone. Otherwise move the baking sheet with your pizza to the oven.
7. Bake until the crust is well browned and the cheese is melted and golden (about 7 minutes). If any large bubbles form in the dough while it cooks, quickly pop it with a fork to release the air.
8. As a finishing touch, sprinkle a little extra parmesan on top. Cut into slices, and enjoy with friends!



Regular Arcobaleno Behavior

By: Aurora | kyanoswillow

"No," Reborn said, giving one shake of his head, "I *will* kill you if you make me set one foot in McDonald's. After what they did to Burghy..." He looked off into the distance.

"No Dominos, kora. We had enough of that on the base." Colonnello shuddered in remembrance. Lal just rolled her eyes but didn't say anything in disagreement.

"I have no preference, but I'm not paying." Viper sat in one of the chairs around the living room, not even bothering to lift their head.

"Mmh," Verde just huffed, glaring up from where he was fiddling with some tool, "you all better hurry up. It's just food, make a decision!"

"Ah, I thought we were celebrating Yuni's latest test grade? Since we haven't done anything fun in a while." Fon opened an eye before closing it again, leaning back into the couch.

"How about Burger King!" Skull exclaimed, bounding in from the doorway and leaping onto the couch, prompting Fon to quickly open both his eyes in surprise. Yuni trailed into the room after Skull, head tilted in a considering look.

"I like it." She declared. All the Arcobaleno sans Skull shared a look, but none of them objected. It was Yuni's choice, after all.

"Let's get going. I have experiments to get back to." Verde stood up from where he was seated and made his way to the front door, quickly followed by most of the others. Fon lazily got up from the couch and raised an eyebrow at the twin smiles on Skull and Yuni's faces.

"I don't want to know, do I?" He asked lightly, shaking his head in fond exasperation when he received no answer. He also left through the door, leaving Yuni and Skull as the last to leave.

"Thank you," Yuni whispered, eyes lit up in delight and happiness, "I needed something to take my mind off Famiglia business."

"The great Skull-sama is happy to help!" Skull threw up a peace sign, and Yuni giggled.

"Let's go, before they start getting antsy." The two walked out and closed and locked the door to the mansion.

The group made it to the Burger King with little trouble, the Arcobaleno ceding the wheel to Skull who, for once, didn't drive like there were hitmen right behind him. The good fortune kept coming, as the parking lot wasn't full, so the car was easily parked without the customary bumper cars.

“We’re all going in,” declared Yuni as she opened the door, “so we can each get something we want.” She walked up to the cashier and smiled.

“Hello! What would you like to order?” The cashier smiled, closing their eyes.

“Grilled chicken salad.” Reborn walked away, chose a booth in the far corner, and sat.

“Black coffee. Medium.” Verde crossed his arms. Yuni frowned and turned towards him. He sighed. “Small.”

“Large Sprite for me! Lal, a-” Colonnello was cut off.

“Small Coke zero. I’m on a diet, idiot, remember?” Lal elbowed Colonnello lightly. He looked confused until his eyes widened and he nodded his head in understanding.

“Hm,” Fon contemplated, “a crispy chicken wrap for me.” He narrowed his eyes after he made his order, but shook his head and didn’t change it.

“... A strawberry sundae. Since I’m not paying...” Viper moved from the group to look out the nearest window.

“Oh! My turn! I’d like a Bronx steakhouse, medium fries with extra honey mustard, and a hazelnut pop cake!” Skull rattled off his order incredibly quickly, evidence that he had ordered the exact order many other times before. The rest of the Arcobaleno looked at him with either wide eyes or a small amount of confusion. They had never seen him with food from Burger King, so when did he go?

“And a hazelnut cheesecake for me!” Yuni chirped. The cashier still looked winded from taking Skull’s order, but they quickly recovered.

“Ah, congratulations!” They gave two thumbs up, “You are the lucky winner of a limited edition Immortal Stuntman Skull figurine!” All the Arcobaleno looked like they were in some form of confusion except for Skull, who was bouncing on his toes and peering into the kitchen.

“Ah, thank you...?” Yuni sounded confused, but aside from a couple of quick blinks, didn’t seem to be affected that much. “There’s no poster outside so how did-.” She cut herself off.

“Ah! We haven’t put the posters up yet. It’s supposed to mark the anniversary of his first show in Venice, but it’s now kind of a country-wide event.” The cashier looked excited, “The show was apparently really cool! There are some newspaper accounts but since it was quite a while ago, there’s no surviving footage found yet.”

“Ah, yes. Interesting.” Yuni turned, giving a look to the Arcobaleno, who seemed to want to interrogate Skull. Skull, who was wandering around the store.

“Just let me-ah! Here you go! Uh, cash or card?” The cashier asked sheepishly, sliding the figurine over to Yuni, who gently picked it up.

“Card.” She replied, turning the figure around in her hands. She became lost in her thoughts, and so she was a little surprised when the large bag with their orders was placed on the counter.

“Thank you, and have a good day!” The cashier waved. Yuni moved to pick up the bag but Reborn beat her to it.

“Lackey? Come here for a moment.” He held the bag like he was ready to swing it the moment Skull came into reach.

“No!” Skull refused, earning a glare from Reborn, who began to walk over to him.

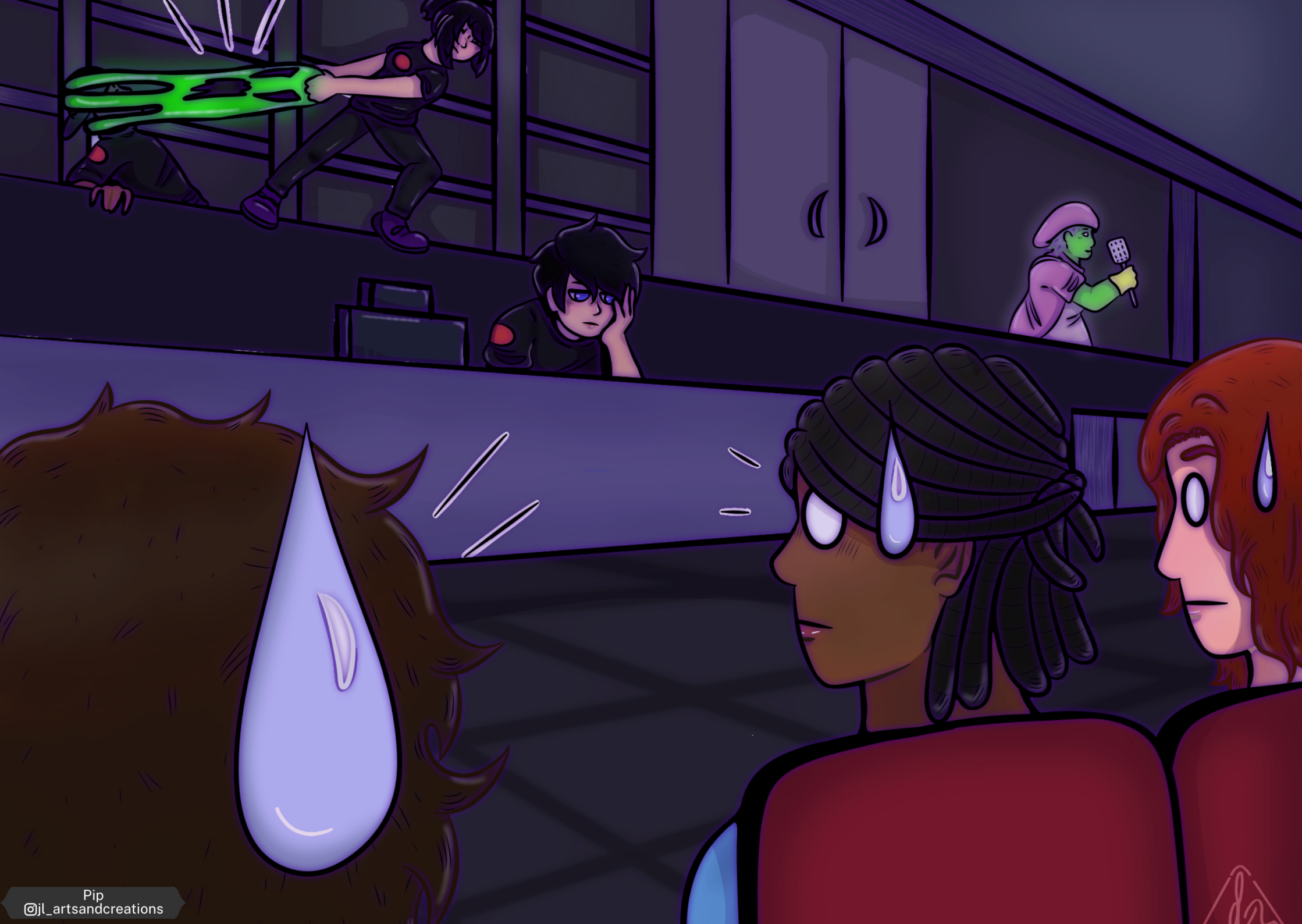
“No?” He repeated, hefting the bag over his shoulder. The other Arcobaleno moved to the door, not interested in getting involved.

“No!” Skull began to move opposite to Reborn, wariness on his face.

“Come here–!” Reborn leaped at Skull, swinging the bag down violently. Skull shrieked and bolted to and out the door. Reborn quickly followed, swinging the bag back over his shoulder.

“Get back here, Lackey!” His shout cut off as the door swung shut. The others shared a deadpan look and began filing out the door. Yuni turned back to look at the cashier, who looked a bit shocked.

“Don’t worry,” she reassured, “it’s just their regular behavior.”


Pip
@jl_artsandcreations

Mondstadt Fried Chicken

Created by: Callieopes | Callieopes

Serves: 2–4 People | Time: 1 hour 15 mins

Ingredients

- 2 cups (250g) AP flour
- 1 cup (136mL) buttermilk
- ¼ cup (27g) paprika
- 3 Tbsp (21g) ground white pepper
- 2 Tbsp (31g) garlic salt
- 1 Tbsp (10g) celery salt
- 1 Tbsp (7g) ground black pepper
- 1 Tbsp (6g) ground yellow mustard
- 1 Tbsp (5g) ground ginger
- 1 egg
- 1 chicken, cut up into eight pieces
- Neutral oil for frying, like canola or peanut oil
- 2 Tbsp (30mL) soy sauce
- 2 Tbsp (25g) granulated sugar
- 2 tsp (12g) salt
- 1 ½ tsp (1g) dried basil
- 1½ tsp (4g) Chinese five spice powder
- 1 tsp (5g) MSG seasoning, ground
- 1 tsp (5g) Sichuan peppercorn powder

Instructions

1. In a large bowl, combine the flour with the herbs and spices and set aside.
2. Meanwhile, in another large bowl, whisk together the buttermilk, soy sauce, sugar, and egg, mixing until they're well combined.
3. Add the chicken to the buttermilk mixture and toss to coat. Cover the bowl lightly with plastic wrap or a lid and let it sit for 30 minutes, or as long as overnight. If marinade times exceed 30 minutes, place the bowl in the refrigerator.
4. Meanwhile, preheat the oven to 175°F(80°C), or as low as your oven will allow. Line a baking sheet with aluminum foil, and set an oven-safe wire cooling rack on top of the sheet and set aside.
5. In a large pot or dutch oven, heat about 3"(7.5cm) of oil.
6. Preheat the oil to 350°F(175°C) over medium-high heat, using a deep-frying thermometer to check the temperature. When the oil comes to temperature, reduce the heat to medium-low.
7. Remove a chicken piece from the buttermilk, allowing any excess liquid to drip off. Place the piece in the flour mixture and turn it to fully coat the chicken. Shake off any excess flour and carefully drop the chicken into the hot oil. Continue until the fryer is full but the chicken isn't touching.
8. Cook the chicken, turning halfway through, until the crust turns golden brown color. The breasts and thighs will take about 15-18 minutes to cook, while the wings and legs will take about 12-13 minutes to cook.
9. Transfer the chicken pieces to the prepared baking sheet and place it in the oven.
10. Allow the oil to return to temperature before adding more chicken. Repeat steps 7-9 until all of the chicken has been fried and is in the oven.
11. Let the chicken sit in the oven until each piece of chicken reaches an internal temperature of 165°F(74°C).

Substitution note:

MSG seasoning can be replaced with a "umami" seasoning blend, or can be omit all together.

SunnyCHaOs
Hopeless_Otaku_

Fish Tacos

Created by: Pixel Perfect Baking | pixelperfectbaking

Serves: 4 People | Time: 2 hr 25 min

Ingredients

For the Radish Pickles

- ¾ cup apple cider vinegar
- ¾ cup water
- 1 Tbsp honey
- 1 bunch radishes, sliced
- 2 tsp salt
- ½ tsp mustard seed
- ½ tsp pepper flakes, optional

For the Garlic-Lemon Aioli

- ¼ cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tbsp lemon juice
- 4 cloves garlic, roasted

For the Salmon

- 1 salmon filet, no skin
- 2 tbsp oil
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- ½ tsp salt
- ¼ tsp black pepper
- 4 corn tortillas
- 1 cup iceberg lettuce, shredded

Instructions

To make the Radish Pickles

1. Place radishes, pepper flakes, and mustard seed into a clean jar. Set aside.
2. In a small pot, bring the apple cider vinegar, water, honey, and salt to a simmer.
3. Pour the brine into the jar with the radishes. Allow to reach room temperature before refrigerating. Keep refrigerated. Pickles will last 2-3 days.

To make the Garlic Lemon Aioli

1. In a small bowl, mash the roasted garlic into a paste
2. Add lemon juice and mayonnaise and mix until combined. Set aside.

To make the Salmon

1. Preheat oven to 400 F.
2. Cut salmon filet into 4 even sections and place on a baking sheet.
3. In a small bowl, combine oil, lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Divide mixture between the salmon filet sections and coat all sides.
4. Bake for 14-16 minutes or until done.

Assemble the Tacos

1. On a lightly toasted corn tortilla place a layer of iceberg lettuce.
2. Add one salmon filet on top of the lettuce.
3. Top with radish pickles and a drizzle of aioli.

XTostonesX
2/22/2023
XTostonesX
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A Fitting Apology

By: Hiba | HibaKyoWrites

Nestled in a small corner of the revered Grand Line Shopping District was a quaint cafe called The All Blue. It was surprisingly plain compared to the more grandiose restaurants and shops that surrounded it, yet there was always a steady stream of customers as the day went by.

Law supposed he and Sanji had Usopp to thank for the small planters of flowers that decorated the cafe's exterior and interior. Even Franky had handcrafted for them a sign to hang above the small awning that overlooked the front entrance. According to the man, it was his "SUPER Grand Opening Surprise" to bring them luck on a successful opening.

And it *had* been a successful opening, if their doors still being open after a month was anything to go by. While the Grand Line was notorious for bringing great success to those who set up shop there, it wasn't for everyone. From a young age, Law had heard countless stories of those who tried to make it big in the Grand Line, but were forced to shut their doors for good after a few short weeks.

Thankfully, Sanji's experience from when he worked at his father's restaurant made him the perfect candidate for running their little cafe, and Law did his part by handling what Sanji didn't. Which, Law regrettably admitted, wasn't much.

Glimpses of the many sleepless nights he and Sanji had had to endure flashed before his eyes, causing a small frown to mar his already deadpan look. There was a tiny voice in his head that sounded a lot like Sanji scolding him.

You'll scare away the beautiful ladies with that scowl, Imaginary Sanji was telling him—which, honestly, caused him to frown deeper.

There were only a few customers in the cafe at the moment, so Law took the downtime to sneak a peek into the kitchen. Although he was frowning just seconds before, Law's frown morphed into a small smile as he watched Sanji work. The younger man was currently wiping a latte mug of any residual milk foam before he placed it on a tray with a fruit tart.

Owning a cafe had been Sanji's dream for as long as Law knew the man, so when Sanji had chanced upon a quaint little spot in the Grand Line of all places, who was Law to deny him of that opportunity? Law remembered being dragged out of bed a few hours before he needed to get ready for his shift at the local aquarium. While he had been a bit grumpy, having woken up before his alarm was set to go off, seeing the beaming grin on Sanji's face made it all worth it.

And it had...for a while. They had survived their first month, and while Sanji was perfectly content with the way things were going, Law was...not so much.

Of course, he was happy that the cafe was doing well. Law wouldn't still be working here if he wasn't as dedicated as Sanji was. However, that success came with a price that Law couldn't have foreseen.

As one of the cafe owners, he knew the importance of keeping up with the ins and outs of the business. They weren't in the red and always paid rent on time, so Law thought he was putting in a decent amount of effort to keep them afloat. However, Sanji seemed to multiply that by tenfold. Most of the man's time was spent thinking up new menu ideas or new ways to update what they currently had. It was great to see Sanji so motivated in the beginning, but now...

"I apologize for the wait, *Mademoiselle*."

Law's ears perked up when he heard Sanji's smooth voice, his head turning just in time to see his partner placing the fruit tart and latte in front of a female customer.

"I had to make sure the latte foam art was perfect," Sanji continued, a hint of infatuation in his tone. "A beautiful lady such as yourself deserves nothing but the best."

Having seen multiple variations of this exact scene with *all* of their female patrons, Law had to resist the urge to roll his eyes. Thankfully, someone walked in—another female customer, much to Law's chagrin—who Sanji immediately flitted over to greet. Law could see the figurative hearts dancing in his eyes.

After the initial greeting, Sanji returned to the kitchen with an extra pep to his step. Law knew his partner wanted to keep chatting with the girl, but there were still drink orders that needed to be worked on.

Law gave the girl a welcoming smile, watching her eyes widen at the variety of desserts and pastries that lined their display case.

"Let me know if you have any questions," Law said warmly.

As if not expecting him to speak to her right away, the girl jolted and froze briefly like a deer in headlights.

"O-oh, thank you," she stuttered out. "Everything looks so beautiful. It's hard to believe some of these are edible, they look too real to eat!"

Despite his irritation from Sanji's earlier actions, Law couldn't help the smile that broke across his face at the compliment. She was a first-time customer—her awestruck look giving her away—so it was refreshing to see this type of reaction again. Law might not be as much of a people person as Sanji, but reactions like these were what made opening the cafe worth it. He glanced into the kitchen briefly, watching as Sanji smiled through his work.

Returning his gaze to the girl in front of him, Law said fondly, "Thank you. Everything you see here is made by my partner, so I'm sure he'll be happy to hear you say that."

There was a short pause before Law continued. “Have you figured out what you’d like? If you’re having trouble deciding, I would recommend getting our small sample platter. It’s your choice of three small bites of any dessert or pastry that we have on display and it also comes with a drink that we think would fit best with your choices.”

“Oh, that’d be perfect! Yes, I’d like to order one of those, please.”

Law nodded and punched in the order. After collecting payment, he pulled out a small form and handed it to the girl.

“Here’s a list of what we have on display with descriptions,” Law explained. “Please take a seat anywhere you’d like and take your time filling out this form. After you’ve circled the three you’d like to try, we’ll get started on your order.”

“Okay, thank you!”

As the girl walked away, Law greeted the next person in line with a smile. Once he finished taking the order, the girl from before returned. Taking the completed form from her, Law glanced at it before walking into the kitchen.

“She’s a first-timer, so I suggested the sampler set,” Law said when Sanji approached him. “The other is a to-go order—four drinks.”

Grabbing the form and ticket from Law, Sanji glanced at them before nodding.

“She chose some pretty standard items, so I’ll see what I can pair with them to spice up her order. The other drinks will be out in a few.” He handed Law a tray with a slice of peach cobbler on it. “Can you serve this for me? I would do it myself, but as you can see”—Sanji smiled as he held up the form and ticket—“I got my work cut out for me.”

Law nodded and looked at the ticket number.

Ah, the young woman sitting at the table with the pink carnation.

Sanji had requested that each table have different flowers as the centerpiece instead of using table numbers. Their space was small enough that they wouldn’t break the bank on decor alone, so if Sanji wanted different flowers as centerpieces, Law wasn’t about to say no.

By the time Law returned to his post at the cash register, Sanji was walking out with the sampler set.

“Let me know how she enjoys everything,” Sanji said as Law took the tray from him. “I want her first time here to be as wonderful as she is.”

Law glanced over to where the girl was sitting before returning his gaze to Sanji’s. He took on a teasing tone as he shooed Sanji back into the kitchen.

“I’m sure she’ll enjoy whatever you made for her. Now go and finish up that to-go order.”

Sanji waved flippantly at him, but did as he was told. “I’ll be right out with the drinks. It wouldn’t do to keep a lady waiting.”

Law rolled his eyes at the statement, but otherwise stayed silent. Sanji was always true to his word, so Law knew the drinks would be out in no time.

The bell hanging on the front door rang, alerting Law of another customer walking in. He straightened out his apron and put on his best smile.

Time to get back to work.

Once the cafe was closed for the day and Law had finished packing the remaining unsold pastries into boxes, he grabbed a clean rag and started wiping down a table. It was a job Law couldn’t say he enjoyed doing, but after another day of watching Sanji flirt and flutter around their female customers, the chore became a peaceful time where his irritation could slowly wind down.

As Law finished wiping down the final table, he heard Sanji’s familiar humming and looked up to see the man walking out of the kitchen with a silver tray. His eyes narrowed curiously since they’d never eaten at the cafe after hours. Plus, these were two items that Law had never seen before.

Law forced his face to stay neutral, but he was sure Sanji could recognize his disapproval of the situation.

Is he menu testing again*?*

But he did what any good partner would do and pulled out a chair as Sanji set the tray down. When Law was finally able to get a good look at what Sanji had brought out, he clenched his jaw and forced his eyes back up in a poor attempt to not react as strongly as he wanted to.

“What is this?” he asked feebly, his sense of control decreasing at a rapid pace.

Sanji quickly sat down and pushed the tray closer to Law.

“Well,” Sanji started slowly.

Law took note of Sanji’s nervous tone and raised a curious brow. Clearing his throat, Sanji spoke again.

“I know this past month and a half has been really tough on us mentally and emotionally; not only for us as business owners, but also on how it’s affected our relationship. So to apologize, I wanted to make you something to show that I still care about you and that your happiness is more important than the cafe’s success.”

Law’s brain short-circuited. “Wha—” he began, but was cut off before he could ask what was going on.

“I know this is far from a proper apology, but for now,”—Sanji gave Law an expectant look—“is this a fitting apology for being a crappy boyfriend?”

Law looked down at the items on the tray once more, his cheeks flushing from embarrassment. He was thankful that it was just him and Sanji in the room. Had the others been there, Law was sure he wouldn't be able to live this moment down. This was something only Sanji was privy to and Law wanted to keep it that way.

Looking up innocently at him was a 3D latte foam art in the shape of a white bear. Their menu already had latte foam art listed as an add-on, but they'd never gone that extra mile to do *3D* foam art. Even if they had, Law would've vetoed the idea anyway. Sanji already worked too damn hard. No need to make it harder by adding 3D foam art to the mix, no matter how much Sanji would've wanted it.

Law should've known that Sanji was practicing behind his back. The bear's head was perfectly shaped to fit the wide mug and the foam forming its ears wasn't even lopsided. Even the bear's facial features were perfect. There was even a light brushing of pink tinging its cheeks. However, the chocolate ganache that was used to do the face details had him eyeing the slice of cake next to it suspiciously.

Law knew many of their items used chocolate ganache, so it shouldn't have been unusual to see it on the cake in front of him. But it wasn't the ganache that raised suspicion. It was the entire slice itself.

The slice was cut from a five-layered cake, something Law knew that they didn't have on the menu. Even if he didn't do the morning baking with Sanji, he was fully aware of what items they served their customers. Something as time-consuming as a five-layer cake was simply out of the question.

And yet, here it lay in front of his eyes. Except this design was special, something Sanji had baked just for him...inspired by Law's specific interest in a certain children's comic book.

Sora, Warrior of the Sea was a series Law had fallen in love with as a young child. It was a fact he never made known to others, and the only reason why Sanji knew was pure coincidence.

And that was because Sanji was also a fan.

Law swallowed thickly, as he tried to find his words.

"You baked an entire cake," he said in disbelief, "for *me*."

"Well, I can't just bake a slice of it," Sanji said with a hint of sarcasm. "So? What do you think?"

Law looked back down at the cake, admiring the love and care that went into it. From the looks of it, Sanji had chosen to create the cake in the likeness of one of the characters from the show.

One of the villains, Law noted off-handedly before admiring the cake's details.

For theming, Sanji had chosen to go with a chocolate cake. Law picked up the scent of lemons, which he deduced was the lemon curd that separated the layers. It had the perfect touch of glossiness and he swallowed again. Law would *not* salivate in front of his boyfriend, thank you.

There was a layer of chocolate ganache spread across the top of the cake, only separated by a thin layer of the lemon curd. If an outsider looked at it, they would think it looked like a bee. But Law knew better.

The cake itself was nothing unusual since The All Blue already had a few menu items that paired chocolate and citrus together. No, the detail that Law was completely taken in by was the little decoration on top.

Law wasn't sure when Sanji had found the time to make mochi, but there was a small ball molded into the shape of the character's head that was placed near the edge of the slice. Other than one swirly eyebrow, there were no other facial features on it.

There was a set of perfectly shaped fondant headphones resting on top of the mochi, and to tie everything together, the character's red handkerchief—made out of red fondant—stuck elegantly out from behind the mochi ball.

This wasn't just any dessert. This was something that was so very obviously made for Law. And the worst part? He never asked for it.

The gesture was so very Sanji that all of the frustration and irritation Law had felt since they opened the cafe melted away as he picked up the fork.

Law locked eyes with Sanji.

"While I'm not crazy about the fact that you made an entire cake just to apologize"—a small smile formed on Law's lips—"I can't say I'm too upset about getting two Sanji originals."

He took a bit of the cake, instantly floored by how good it tasted. He swallowed before continuing, handing the fork to Sanji so he could taste his creation as well.

"Apology accepted."

Miku's Mint Ice Cream Parfait

Created by: Mars | KaseiCosplay

Serves: 3 People | Time: 20 mins

Ingredients

- 3 cups mint chocolate chip ice cream
- 2 cups heavy whipping cream
- ½ cup chocolate chips
- 8 Tbsp butter
- 3 Tbsp sugar
- 20 cookies of favorite chocolate or mint flavor (Oreos,Thin Mints, or other similar size cookies)
- 2 Maraschino Cherries
- 5 drops mint extract
- 5 drops blue food coloring
- 5 drops green food coloring

Instructions

1. In a double boiler (or a microwave on the lowest setting), melt the chocolate chips. As you heat them up, add ½ cup of heavy whipping cream and stir until the chocolate is fully melted and fully combined with the cream.
2. Pour the chocolate onto a piece of freezer paper and spread it flat. This will be cut up into thin strips later, so spreading the chocolate into a rectangular shape will help. Carefully place the chocolate into the freezer and let chill for at least 15 minutes.
3. Place the cookies into a plastic storage bag and crush them into a fine cookie powder (be careful the bag doesn't have a lot of air in it before you start crushing, otherwise it will pop open!).
4. Melt the butter in a bowl and add the crushed cookies. Mix well, until the cookies are saturated with the butter and it has a thick dough-like consistency.
5. In a mixing bowl, combine 1 ½ cups of heavy whipping cream, mint extract, both colors of food coloring, and sugar. Whip together until stiff peaks form (this means that the cream will stand up on its own with no assistance if you remove the whisk. The best way to whip the cream is to introduce a lot of air into the mixture as you whip it, whether by hand or with a mixer).
6. Take the now-solidified chocolate from step 2 and cut into thin strips, similar to the hair ties on Miku's twintails.
7. It's time to start assembling the parfait. Line the bottom of a tall glass with chocolate and some of the cookie-butter mixture, and add a scoop of ice cream on top. Continue doing this in layers until you reach the top of the glass.

rekosinski
rekosinski

ThePeachyArtist
thepeachyartist

PLUSHIES
Pocky
Pocky
Pocky
SOUR PATCH KIDS
HI-CHEW
HI-CHEW
HI-CHEW
@HelloWammy
I WILL REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU KISSED ME - YOU APOLOGIZED - YOU SAID, I AM SORRY, DESTROY ME AS I AM, BUT I WANT TO KISS YOU BEFORE I AM KILLED, AND I SAID TO YOU WHY, AND YOU SAID, BECAUSE I HAVE ONLY ONCE
MET SOMEONE SO UTTERLY WILLING TO BURN FOR WHAT THEY BELIEVED IN, AND I LOVED HIM ON SIGHT, AND THE FIRST TIME I DIED I ASKED OF HIM WHAT I NOW ASK OF YOU. I KISSED YOU AND LATER I WOULD KISS HIM TO BEFORE UNDERST
AVEN I MBER YOUR AND WHEN T DOWN THINK YOU BER MINE
KH 23
MelloWammy
@mellowammy
GOBLINOIDS
@g0blinoids

Training Bento

Inspired by Atsumu and Sakusa

🍴 2 servings

Created by Jing
sipsteaandbleach

Japanese potato salad

- 1 russet potato
- 1/4 Japanese cucumber
- 1/2 small (12cm) carrot
- 1 tablespoon of milk
- 2 table spoon of Japanese mayo
- 1/2 an egg

Onigiri

- 8 edamame pods
- 1/2 a can of tuna
- 1 tablespoon of Japanese mayo
- 1 cup of uncooked Japanese rice
- 2 pitted umeboshi
- 2 sheets of nori seaweed

Others

- 6 cherry tomatoes
- salt to taste
- water

DIRECTIONS

what better way to refuel after volleyball training than with a filling and nutritious homemade bento?

plus you can meal prep with leftovers heh

Japanese potato salad

1. Peel the potato and chop into equal pieces to ensure even cooking
2. Add the potatoes and water into a pot and bring it to a boil.
3. In another pot, boil an egg for 8 to 10 minutes
4. Thinly slice the cucumbers and carrots in thin slices. Then toss them in salt to extract water.
5. Remove the potatoes when they become fork tender
6. Drain the water and put the potatoes in a bowl. Add the peeled boiled egg, Japanese mayo and milk, then mash the potatoes to desired consistency.
7. Squeeze out the water in the cucumber and carrots before adding them to potatoes and mix

Onigiri

1. Add sushi rice vinegar into the rice and mix
2. Chop up the umeboshi into fine pieces
3. Boil the edamame for 5 minutes (8 minutes if it's frozen) until it softens
4. Open the tuna can, drain the juice and take out 1/2 of the can. Add Japanese mayo and mix until evenly coated
5. Separate the rice into three bowls, Mix the chopped umeboshi in one bowl, edamame in another, and leave the last plain. Add salt to taste.
6. Shape the rice with either your hand or with a mold. Put the tuna mayo filling in the plain rice.

Final touches

1. Chop the cherry tomatoes (optional) or just add them to the bento as is
2. Place the onigiris inside the bento
3. Add the mashed potatoes and cherry tomatoes in a holder or cupcake liner

DATE
pinkcatboy@twit
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pinkcatboy

Don't Meet Your Heroes?

By: Midnight | MemeLordPost

Ryuki can hardly believe it.

He's surrounded by chrome-like appliances, slip-proof mats, and harsh fluorescent light. His new boss—aptly named Boss, as far as she will let anyone know—is lecturing him on how to maintain the ice machine, punctuated only by a clacking keyboard and occasional grumbling.

"—or else you'd have to toss the whole batch and start all over. Got that, Ryuki?"

"I—yes! Yes, ma'am!"

Boss looks at him for a few seconds longer. "Well, if you do screw up, that'll be on your shift supervisor to deal with. Speaking of which, Pewter?"

"No can do." The keyboard falls silent, replaced by the sound of rattling car keys. "I only have five minutes until the end of my shift. Why don't you ask Date? He should be here any minute now."

The name courses through Ryuki like a bolt of electricity and lights up his face. Boss doesn't miss that, this time flashing him a knowing grin. "Someone's been keeping up with the café blog."

"You could say that." Ryuki tries to laugh his enthusiasm off. "He connects with guests on an unreal level, always gets every order right, and has risen up through the ranks faster than any other Sunbeans barista in the district! He's my role model!"

"Easy there, kid. I'm just a shift supervisor."

There's that electricity again, jolting Ryuki into a startled jump as he turns towards the now open back door.

There he is!

"Feel free to take off, Pewter. I've got it covered."

"Thank you for your gracious offer." Pewter mock-bows, but with genuine relief on his face. As he slips through the doorway that Date just vacated, Ryuki realises that his mouth is hanging open and promptly shuts it before *that* gets noticed too.

"What have you already gone over in his training, Boss?"

"Basically everything. You got here just in time though, we're getting to the fun part."

"The fun part?" Ryuki glances between them.

Fifteen coffee sample cups later, Ryuki has an answer.

Boss instructs Ryuki to fill in the little company issued booklet with his impressions of each coffee blend (so far each of them bear some variation of '*It tastes like coffee.*'), while she finishes off his training with a managerial pep talk. Ryuki nods along, accepting the sixteenth sample cup and swirling it as instructed, and when she leaves to check on something in the back, downs it like a shot.

"Boss really got you to drink all of these?"

Ryuki turns to see Date lounging against the other side of the hand-off plane, and nods in the attempt to tame his excitement down to a socially acceptable level. "Yeah. She says it's really important that I understand all of the characteristics that different coffees present to the drinker."

"Hmm. And what have you found so far?"

"I, uhh..." He scrapes the inside of his increasingly caffeinated brain for anything he can use. "That some of these are bolder than others, and there's a very...cherry, undertone to others?"

Date's smile, on the other hand, doesn't tell Ryuki much. He leans in, and Ryuki follows the man's magnetic pull, ears perked to note down every morsel of wisdom his idol would grant him.

"Between you and me, Sunbeans burns all of their coffee blends. So don't worry about all of that, just make up whatever you think the customer wants to hear."

Ryuki blinks, staring at him in shock while Date now checks the shelf life stickers on the chai concentrate boxes. When Boss dismisses Ryuki for the day, he bids both of them a polite 'goodbye', and pulls his phone out to request a rideshare.

He goes home feeling buzzed out of his mind.

"I think that's finally it." Ryuki stretches his arms out before him. "Is the morning rush always like this?"

"Yeah, pretty much." Date, on the other hand, is unfazed, handing Ryuki a cup filled with iced water. "Why don't you go take ten, I can handle the register."

"Thanks. But what about the bar?" Ryuki glances at the espresso machines. "If another rush comes in, I'd be going against company policy to come back early and help you."

"It'll be fine, no one else is going to darken our doorstep until the lunch rush, and I'll need you at 100% then."

"If you say so, Mr. Date. But..." Ryuki now looks towards the door. "What about them?"

Date looks up, and the groan that escapes him takes Ryuki by surprise. In all of the 5 hours and 47 minutes that Ryuki has known him, he's never seen Date lose his cool. Not even during the morning rush!

What makes these guests different?

"Hey, Date!" A grade schooler heads the group of young people walking inside. While the rest are chatting amongst themselves, the younger girl strides towards the register with aggravated confidence. "You ate my bagels!"

"No I didn't!" There's irritation rolling off of him in waves. "And shouldn't you be in school?"

"It's *Saturday*, dummy! And since you left me without food, now I have to come here to get it." She folds her arms as her friends file into a queue behind her. Ryuki looks back at Date, finger hovering over the register's touchscreen.

"I guess I'll take my break later?"

"Might as well." Date grumbles, returning to the bar.

Ryuki smiles at the new customers in what he hopes is a welcoming manner. "Hello and welcome to Sunbeans! What may I get for you this morning?"

"Yeah, I'd like a sausage breakfast sandwich and a Venus Chocolate Chip Creme Freezeeccino™, please. You can mark the freezeeccino off as Date's."

"Heck no!" For the second (and likely not last) time that morning, Date astounds Ryuki with his changed demeanour. "Pay for your own drinks!"

"I would if *someone* didn't steal my breakfast!" She retorts, puffing her cheeks into a pout. "Besides, I know you can mark items off on the sly as a family discount, so it's fine."

"Who told you that?"

"I'm not gonna reveal my sources."

Ducking his head to avoid their verbal ping pong match, Ryuki experiments with the discount options. "You're in luck, I was able to mark your freezeeccino off and not affect Mr. Date's shift drink! May I have your name?"

"It's Mizuki." She pulls a wallet out of her backpack while Ryuki writes her name on a large plastic cup, about to also scrawl in the little boxes underneath, when Date reaches over to take it, fingers brushing against the barista's in the process.

"It's alright, she always gets the same thing."

Ryuki nods, brain short circuiting.

Our hands! They touched! I touched Mr. Date's hand!!

"Uhh..." Mizuki tilts her head, frowning in confusion at Ryuki. "Do you want my money, or what?"

"Oh, sorry about that!" He punches in the cash amount and scoops out her change, focusing on calming down. Mizuki narrows her eyes, but leaves him be, and walks down to the hand-off plane. One of her friends steps up to the register next, swaying in time to the café's background music.

"Hi! Could I get a Gargantuan Rainbow Freezeeccino™, please?"

"A...I'm sorry, but what kind of freezeeccino?"

"A rainbow freezeeccino!" Her face breaks out into a smile. "You know, like from the secret menu!"

"Uhh...just a moment!" Ryuki turns to where Date has just finished loading a blender. "Mr. Date? How do I key in something from the secret menu?"

The blender whirrs to life, cutting down either barista's ability to hear well. "Come again!?"

"The Sunbeans secret menu!?"

"There isn't any—oh, no." Date shakes his head and walks to the register, brows dipped. "Sunbeans doesn't technically have a secret menu, but that doesn't stop the customers from making up their own ideas and posting them online as if we did have one." He fishes his phone out of his pocket. "What kind did she want?"

"Rainbow."

"...Got it. Just punch it in as strawberries and cream, sub orange base, plus a pump each of raspberry and peach, and add a scoop of vanilla powder."

Ryuki's fingers fly across the touchscreen, already certain that he's forgotten half of the instructions by the time he figures how to key one of the modifications in. "Thank you so much, Mr. Date!"

"No problem. Let me know if you need any more help."

"Of course!" And just like that, Ryuki beams with a renewed confidence.

He notes down the name 'Tesa' on this cup, and when the short boy behind her insists on paying for them both, adds his drink on to the total. Ryuki flies through the next few orders with more ease, despite more secret menu items such as the blackberry cobbler and mermaid freezeeccinos joining their ranks. By the time he's handing change to the final (and tallest, by far) member of their group, Gen, most of the others have claimed their treats, along with a number of the armchairs in the café.

"Whew, we did it!" Ryuki sighs in relief, now watching the warmer's timer so he can pull out the group's sandwiches before its shrill beeps can ring out.

"Yeah, we did." Date agrees. "Once you get those out, go take your ten."

"I will, Mr. Date!"

The atmosphere behind the counter calms down by the time Ryuki takes a seat opposite it, the water Date gave him earlier back in hand. "It seems like you've got a lot of friends! Do they come here often?"

"Every once in a while." Date pulls out several chilled whipped cream canisters and begins filling them with cream and vanilla syrup. "Although I wouldn't necessarily call the little brat at the beginning a 'friend', per se."

"I heard that!" Mizuki pipes up from across the café.

Ryuki takes a sip. "She said you ate her food, though. Do you two live together?"

"We're like roommates, kind of." Date seals one of the canisters with a lid and charger, and shakes it with vigour. "That's the short version, anyway. Technically I'm in the process of adopting her, but that in itself is a long story."

"Oh, wow!" Ryuki's eyes grow several sizes bigger. "I never knew."

"Well to be fair, you and I only just met yesterday."

"Yeah, that's true!" Ryuki laughs the awkwardness off, deciding to save his dignity by keeping quiet for the rest of his break.

Once the group is leaving, however, Date calls out after Mizuki. "Hey! Make sure you come back home at a decent time tonight, alright?"

Mizuki rolls her eyes, clearly over this. "Lay off, already."

"I will when I don't have to worry about where you're at. Otherwise I'm instilling a curfew."

"Ugh! You're not even my real dad!"

"Oh, I guess you don't want those family discounts anymore, huh?"

"...Does this happen every time?" Ryuki looks at the others, and Kizuna shrugs with a serene smile.

"I would not say so, only about three times a week."

Ryuki finishes off his water with a long gulp.

Four months later finds Ryuki wiping down the counter after their last two guests—a pair of friends named Aiba and Tama who've spent their time inside the café each mercilessly teasing one of the baristas—pick up their drinks and head out the door, with a pitch black sky as their backdrop.

Now that he's proven himself to be a good worker (especially in tandem with Date), Boss had come to him with a proposal:

The night shift.

Just him and Date.

Ryuki hums along with the overhead music as he sprays and works on a tough counter stain. So focused is he on his work, however, that Ryuki misses his idol tip-toeing behind him.

"...Boo!"

Ryuki lets out a yelp, flinging the rag onto a window. Date chuckles to himself while Ryuki deflates at nearly the same pace as the soggy rag sliding down the glass to the ground.

"You really scared me, Mr. Date!"

"Sorry 'bout that." Date does not sound sorry. "So, joining me on the night shift, huh? Think you're ready?"

"I am!" The smile returns to Ryuki's face as he retrieves the rag. "It's mostly just cleaning and setting up for the morning shift, right?"

"Mostly." Date looks like he is enjoying this conversation far more than he should. "...If you're lucky."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to scare you or anything..." He whistles while grabbing a clipboard from a hook just inside the backroom door. "...But you know what they say about nighttime. Anything can happen."

As if on cue, Date glances towards the front door and widens his eyes.

"W-what is it, Mr. Date?" Ryuki is about to follow his supervisor's gaze, but Date shakes his head, gesturing for Ryuki to get behind the counter.

"Quick! Whatever you do, don't stare at these guys, and make sure you give them whatever they want!"

"Y-yes, of course!" Ryuki slides back to his register, wanting to look up at the sound of the door opening, but opting to heed Date's words instead.

Two—no, three—sets of footsteps walk up to him, and Ryuki raises his eyes just enough to miss eye contact. "Hello and welcome to Sunbeans! What may I get for you?"

"Three coffees. Black."

"Right!" Ryuki figures it isn't worth asking them to clarify what size, judging by Date's warning. Nor for money, either. Probably.

However, he sees a gloved hand hold out cash and exact change out of the corner of his eye, and decides he might just live to finish the rest of this shift.

While he fills three paper cups with brewed coffee, Ryuki listens to the men gather by the hand-off plane, conversing in a language he can't place. Date leans an elbow next to him and speaks above a whisper. "So what do you make of 'em?"

"You told me not to stare at them!" Ryuki retorts at the same volume. "Though I have to admit, they do seem kind of shady."

Date nods sagely. "No one knows for sure what they're up to. But personally..." He holds a hand up and whispers in Ryuki's ear. "...I'd put my money on the local branch of a foreign mafia."

Ryuki definitely doesn't almost spill the coffee. He fixes lids on each cup and brings them to the hand-off plane with a nervous smile. "Here you are, gentlemen!"

"—Are you friggin' kidding me!?"

This time Ryuki *does* jump, spooked enough out of his skin to look up.

The one he'd spoken with isn't looking at Ryuki, however. His gaze is fixed on his phone, gripped so hard in his gloved hand that it looks close to shattering.

"What's the matter, boss?" His shorter companion stretches on his tip-toes to look at his screen. Not giving him a chance to do so, the leader drops his phone inside his suit jacket, yanks one of the coffee cups out of Ryuki's hands, and takes a long swig.

A few seconds later, he lowers the cup and looks Ryuki dead in the eye. "...You've got a lot to learn about brewin' coffee, kid." Without another word, he gestures for the other two to grab their cups and follow him outside.

"So what do you think of our *regular*?"

Ryuki swallows at Date's implication, unable to look away from the front. "...Wasn't that the regular blend that's always on tap?"

"Yep." He pats Ryuki on the shoulder. "Just keep on making him happy."

Ryuki wonders if he's their only nighttime regular.

With five minutes left until closing, Ryuki closes his eyes in relief. It's wonderful working with Date, but it will be just as wonderful to pass out at home.

Just five more minutes...

"Excuse me."

Not for the first time that night, Ryuki jumps in surprise. A new customer is standing in front of his register, an impervious expression decorating her face.

I didn't even hear her come in!

"Uh, welcome to Sunbeans! What would you like this evening?"

"That depends."

Ryuki blinks back at her. "...Alright...How about a hot or a cold drink?"

This time, she blinks back at him.

"...Maybe you'd rather have something from our pastry case?"

Still no answer.

"...Would you like a recommendation?"

At this point, Date is walking to the register, and the customer finally replies.

"You asked me three questions. All of them have the same answer."

"Hey...Mr. Date? I'm really not sure what to make for her."

Date furrows his brow, dimming the amusement that's been twinkling in his eyes all night at Ryuki's expense. "Your guess is as good as mine. Try a classic."

"Okay." Ryuki keys in a small drink. "I hope that's alright with you?"

"Further explanation is unnecessary."

That does seem to be the case, as she hands over her payment without complaint. While Ryuki measures out milk in the steaming pitcher and pumps chocolate syrup into her cup, however, she continues to watch him. Ryuki focuses on setting up the espresso shots before steaming the milk the way Date showed him, but before long, the weight of her steady gaze becomes impossible to ignore. He shoots Date a pleading glance, and the other barista takes pity on his subordinate.

"So...how about that crazy weather we've been having?"

She stares back at Date.

It was sunny all week.

Ryuki pulls a lever, and the piercing whistle of steaming milk interrupts their conversation. Not even that breaks her composure, and Ryuki counts down the seconds before he can assemble the drink. With incredible speed, Ryuki fixes a lid onto the cup and hands it to their silent customer. He is relieved to see her take a sip, but discovers a new panic when she lowers the cup and doesn't move.

What could be the issue?

She makes eye contact with Ryuki, gripping onto her cup.

"I have reached mocha. Thanks to you."

And then she leaves.

This time, both baristas stand together in shock. Ryuki turns to Date. "What do you think that means?"

"...I have absolutely no idea."

TheBlueCats
@sad_gallaxy

Albedo's Specialty

Recipe by Meriboo Bakes | Meriboo_Tweets
Art by Vforce | vforce_8

Hamburger Bun

Serves: 8-12 People | Time: 40 mins

Ingredients

- 3 - 3 ½ cup all-purpose flour
- 1 ⅛ cup water
- ⅓ cup vegetable oil
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 Tbsp active dry yeast
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp salt

Instructions

1. Add yeast to warm water in a large bowl. Add the oil and sugar to the yeast then wait about 5 minutes or until the mixture is foamy.
2. Whisk in your egg then slowly mix in the salt and flour. You should add enough flour to create a soft dough.
3. Knead the dough for 3-5 minutes using a dough hook on a stand mixer or knead on a lightly floured surface until smooth and elastic. Divide the dough into 8-12 pieces and shape it into a ball without letting the dough rise.
4. Preheat your oven to 425°F. Place the dough on either an either greased or lined baking sheet. Cover them with a towel and let them rest for 10 minutes.
5. An optional way to make them nicer is to score them in the shape of a diamond and applying an egg wash.
6. Bake them for 8-10 minutes or until golden brown

Pan Fried Fish

Serves: 1 Person | Time: 10 mins

Ingredients

- 3oz skinless fish of choice
- Seasoning
- Oil

Instructions

1. Pat down your fish to remove excess moisture. Season both sides of the fish.
2. Heat oil on a pan at medium heat.
3. Put fish in hot oil carefully. Cook until internal temperature is 145°F.
4. Put the fish on a paper towel to remove excess grease and serve.

Enjoy~

Reigen's Guaranteed for Success, Cheap and Easy, Corn and Cheese Seasoning City-Style Okonomiyaki

Created by: Onionling | onion.ling

Serves: 4 People | Time: 45 min

Ingredients

Batter

- ⅓ cup flour
- ⅓ cup water

Yakisoba Sauce

- ½ Tbsp oyster sauce
- ½ Tbsp soy sauce
- 1 tsp Worcestershire sauce
- ½ tsp ketchup
- ¼ tbsp sake (or white wine)
- ¼ tsp sugar
- 1 pinch black pepper
- ½ tsp sesame oil

Okonomi Sauce

- ½ Tbsp Worcestershire sauce
- ½ Tbsp oyster sauce
- 1 Tbsp ketchup
- ½ Tbsp honey
- ½ tsp soy sauce

Layers

- 1 cup cooked yakisoba noodles
- 1 cup shredded mozzarella cheese
- ½ cup corn
- ½ cup bean sprouts
- ½ cup shrimp chips
- ½ cup scallions
- 1 Tbsp bonito flakes
- 1 egg yolk, separated
- ½ head cabbage
- kewpie mayo, optional
- aonori (seaweed topping), optional

Substition notes:
Seasame oil and soy sauce can be replaced with bottled sauce found in Japanese grocery stores.

Continued

Instructions

1. Mix flour and water together in a bowl until mixture is thin and lump-free. Using a mandolin or a very sharp knife, very thinly shred the cabbage. Finely chop the scallions. Crush the shrimp chips until only small bits are intact. Prepare the yakisoba sauce by mixing all the ingredients together in a bowl, and the same for the okonomi sauce in another bowl.
2. Heat a large frying pan on medium heat, until hot. Add oil and heat, then pour about ¾ of the batter onto the pan and spread with a large spoon back to make a large circle.
3. Spread bonito flakes on the batter, then the cabbage, then the corn, then the bean sprouts. Sprinkle a pinch of salt over the vegetables.
4. Flatten with a spatula, then add the crushed shrimp chips and 1 tbsp of the chopped scallions. Cook for 5 minutes, until the edge of the batter starts to curve up.
5. Spread the remaining batter over the top of the pile, to act as glue. Slide the spatula under the batter and flip over - you can use another spatula to help keep the top of the pile in place. Don't worry if it gets a little messy - just tidy it back up with the spatula.
6. Cook for 8-10 minutes until cabbage is soft.
7. In the meantime, heat a new fry pan with oil and stir fry the yakisoba noodles until the strands are disentangled. Add the yakisoba sauce and coat the noodles. Arrange them into a circle about the same size as the okonomiyaki, and add the cheese. Cook until melted. Then lift the okonomiyaki from the other pan and place it on top of the cheesy noodles.
8. After a couple minutes, slide the spatula back under the okonomiyaki (with the noodles as the bottom layer) and lift gently to flip the okonomiyaki back to batter side down.
9. Cover the noodles with the prepared okonomi sauce. If you have kewpie mayo or aonori (seaweed topping), you can add it now as well.
10. Make a small well in the noodles and sauce and place the separated egg yolk inside. Cover the sauced noodles around the egg with chopped scallions.
11. Cut the okonomiyaki with the spatula and serve. Enjoy!

<u>Variations:</u>

Add different veggies, different noodles, sauce variations, fried eggs, use dashi stock in the batter instead of water, etc. Go wild!

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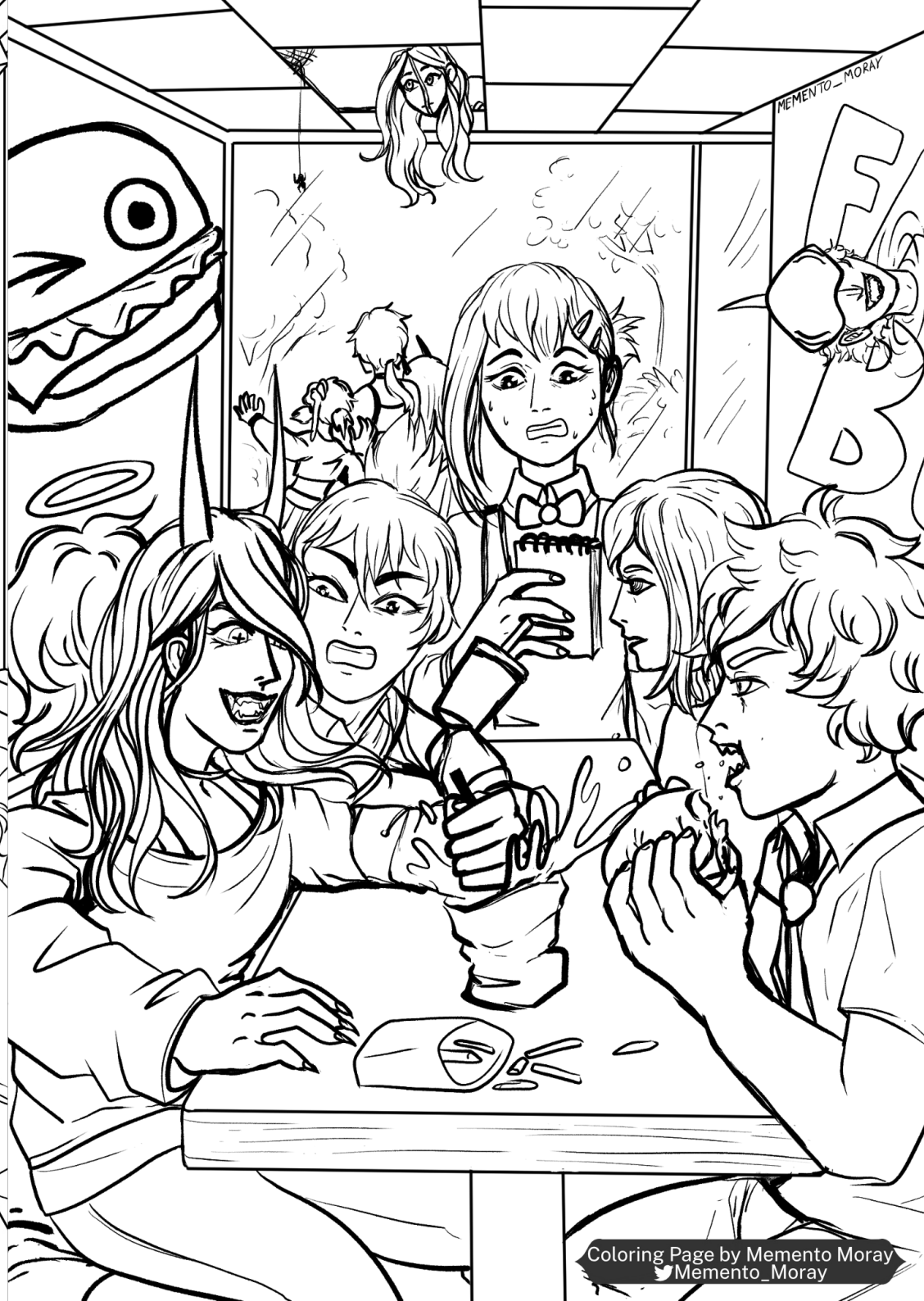
clearwillow



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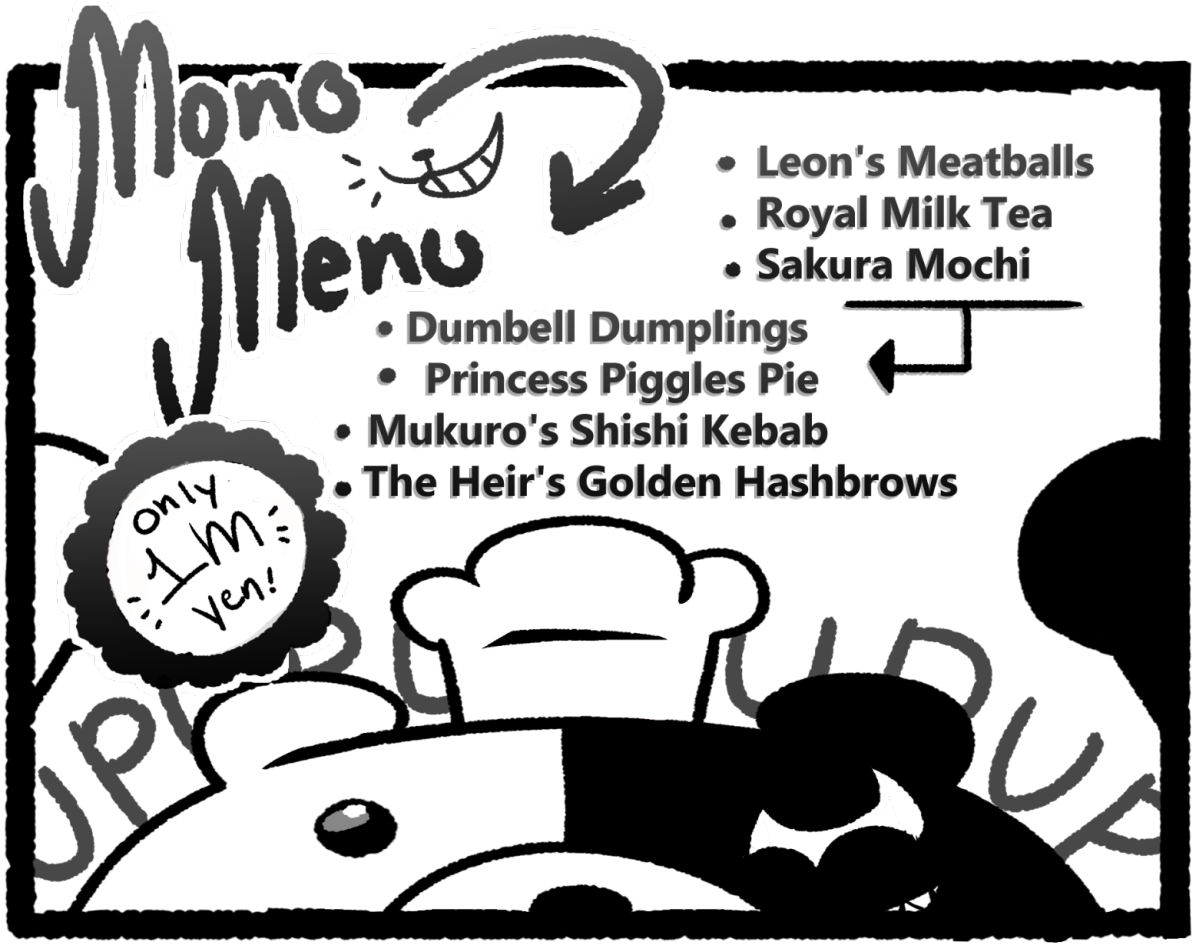
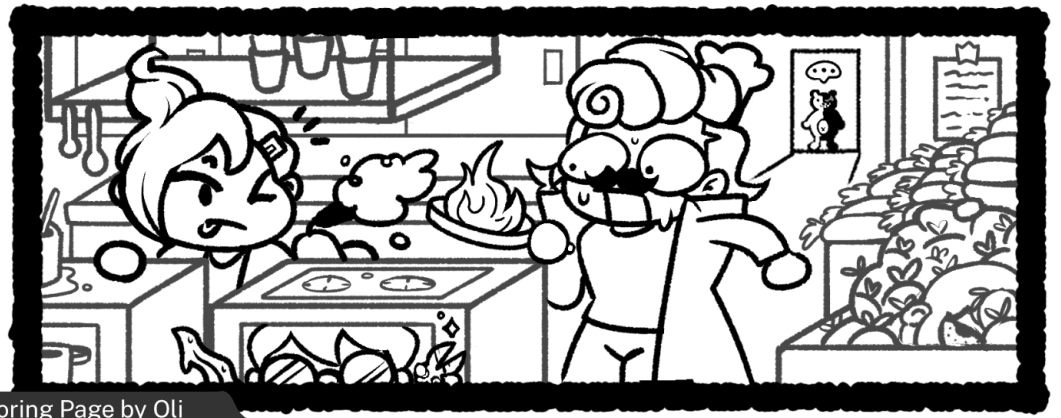
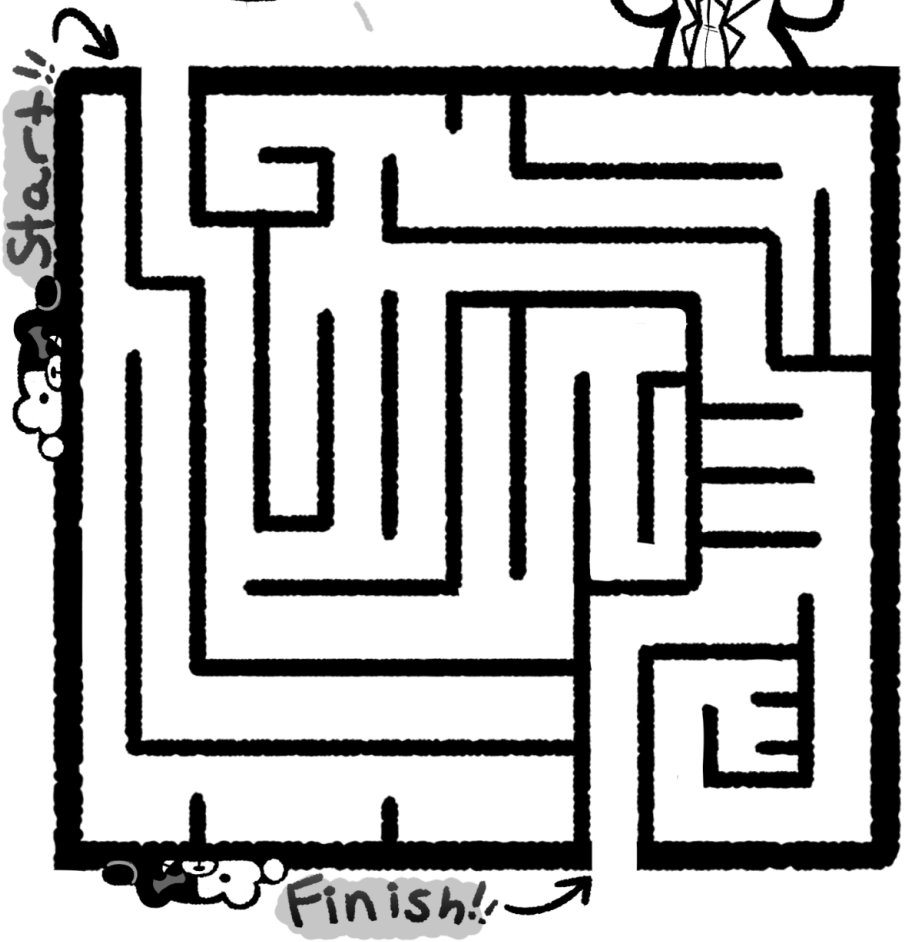


Mukuro Ikusaba, the 16th Student, lying hidden somewhere in this school... the one they call the Ultimate Despair. Find her!



Spot the Differences!



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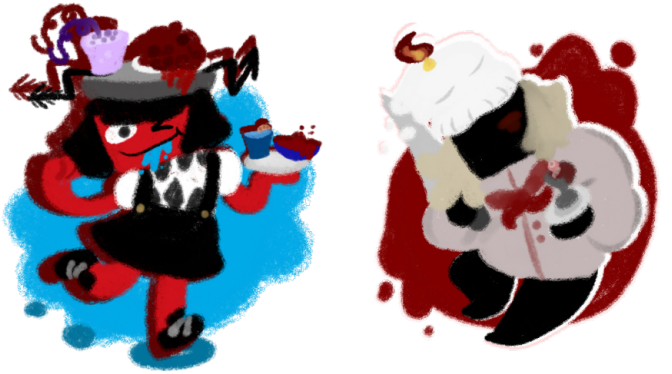
cockar00miss

Sticker sheet by Clearwillow
t clearwillow

Sticker sheet by VForce
vforce_8

Is that all?
Have a great day!
Finally fixed it!
WE NEED MORE TOILET PAPER!!!
Do we get the leftovers after this shift?
I'm sorry! I'll fix your drink right away!
Would you like a drink with that?
We need more ingredients for the new menu item!
Jabberwock Eats
Sticker Sheet

Sticker sheet by redflowerakahana
RedFlowerAkahan



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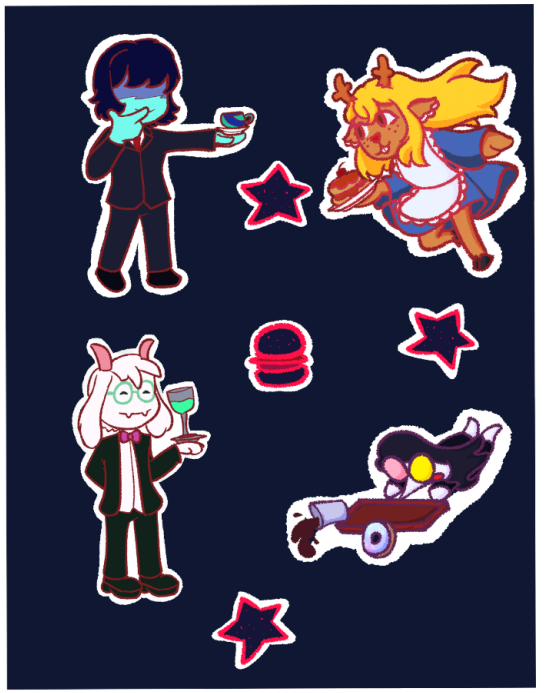
@jl_artsandcreations



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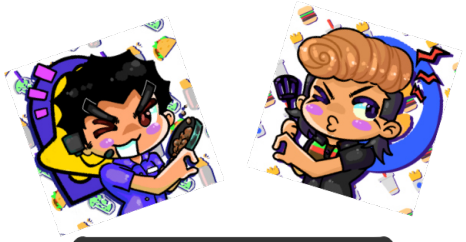

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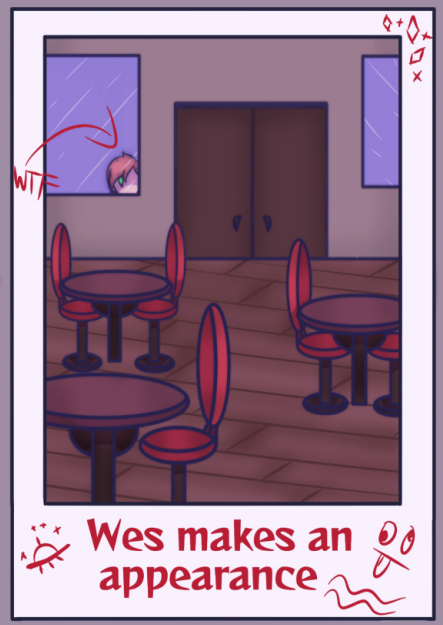
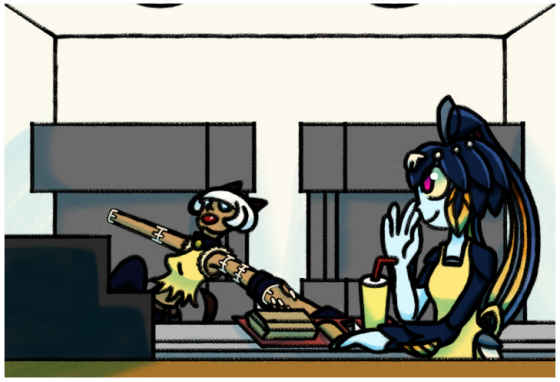
POLAROID SHEET



Polaroids by Pip
jl_artsandcreations



Welcome to Stullibee!

Postcards by redflowerakahana
RedFlowerAkahan

Printable Postcards

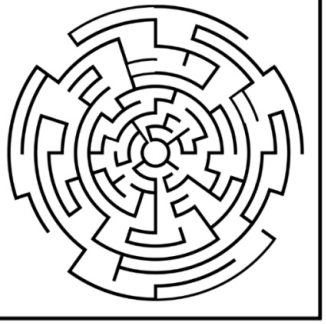
DiY

1.
2.
3.
4.

A Y F B G M
U V R U W O
R B I R I R
O E E G A K
Z N S E V E
Y Q D R F Z

Word Bank

zekrom burger
fries zorua beef



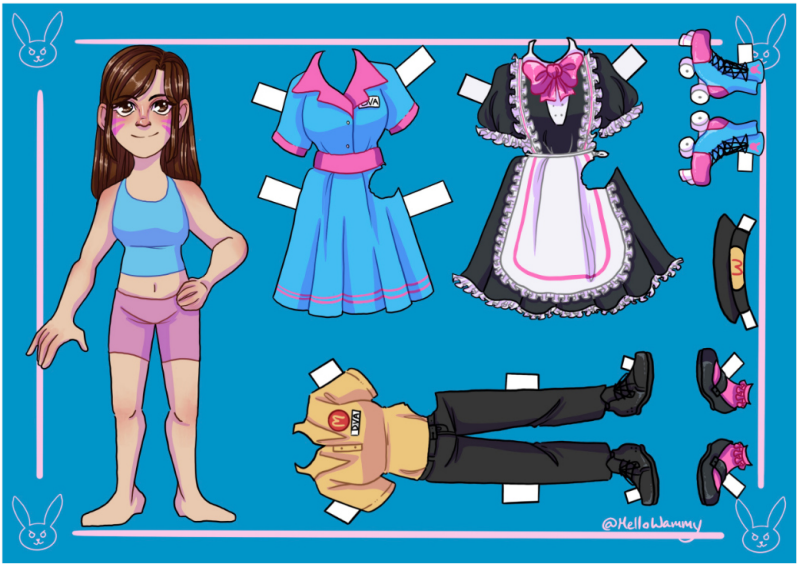
Printable by rouiru
rouiru

RECIPE CARD

INGREDIANTS:

DIRECTIONS:

Recipe card by Zeph
b1gsh0t1997



Paper Doll by MelloWammy
@mellowammy